

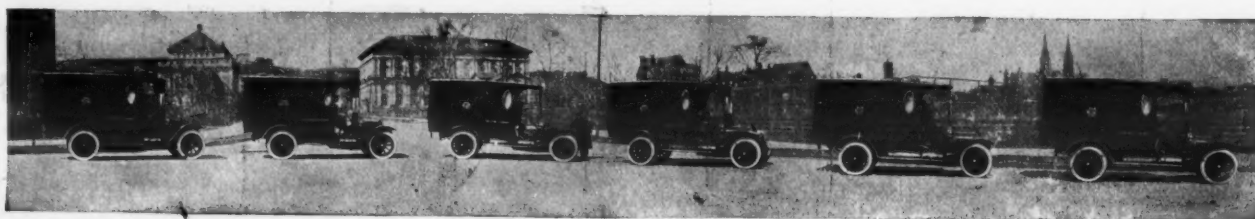
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OCT 20 1911

# Collier's

THE NATION WEEKLY

Dramatic  
Number





## White Trucks are Dividend Payers



**I**F there is any one thing in which every stockholder of your organization—every officer of the concern—is interested, it is this little matter of paying dividends. Perhaps there is no one place in the average large concern where there are more leaks—more wasteful plans of operation—than in your delivery system. It is an actual fact that not two firms in one hundred know the cost of their present system of delivery. It is not surprising, therefore, that there are wonderful possibilities for economy in this department, and that economy is most advantageously secured through a high-grade reliable motor truck like the White.

## White Trucks are Standardized

White gasoline trucks have secured probably the most phenomenal sale ever accorded motor trucks, in the shortest space of time. To the man about to invest in trucks, this list of White owners will appeal as a directory of the best business men in the world. They are the men whose business judgment would be accepted upon any proposition; and they are not the kind who would buy White trucks unless their superiority had been demonstrated.

In addition, the fact that the White design has been and is in advance of the engineering practice in this country, is proven by the almost universal adoption by the other high-grade manufacturers of the White long-stroke engine. Further, although many of them have not yet accepted the en bloc plan of casting cylinders, the superiority of this method is just as thoroughly demonstrated and will be adopted by them just as surely, because no other design offers such simplicity; and simplicity of operation is the greatest recommendation of the White truck or any truck.

Another important point is the completeness of the White line—1500-lb. delivery wagons, 1½-ton, 3-ton and 5-ton trucks, all with a universal type of power plant, which means that a driver who understands one machine understands all—the engines are standardized and the care of your truck is reduced to its lowest terms.

May we send you some facts and figures on the solution of your delivery problem?

  
**The White Company**

888 East 79th Street, Cleveland







On Fifth Avenue, New York

**M**EN who are most particular about style, whoever or wherever they are, find our clothes wholly satisfactory, in fit, fabric, finish. Our mark in clothes is a sign of quality.

See it before you buy; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. Send for the new Style Book.

**Hart Schaffner & Marx**

Good Clothes Makers  
Boston

New York

Chicago



A MAN likes to appear at his very best when he is in evening dress. A bulging, creased bosom will spoil his most painstaking efforts. Avoid it—get a



# Donchester Dress Shirt

a Cluett Dress Shirt that has a bosom that slides over the trouser band instead of bulging out of the waistcoat. \$2 to \$3

Send for Donchester booklet. CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 459 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



## Anxious Moments

**W**AITING at the door for a husband who must spend his day amid innumerable chances of accident has its anxious moments.

There is no excuse for having them burdened with additional anxiety about what is to become of the family if the breadwinner does not come.

No man with a wife waiting for his return should try to do without an accident policy when a large amount of insurance can be obtained for less than seven cents a day in the oldest and strongest of all accident companies.

**MORAL:—Insure in THE TRAVELERS**

Use this coupon, or ask your broker for particulars regarding accident insurance.

**The Travelers Insurance Company**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

Send me particulars regarding Accident Insurance.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



**BEAUTY** and utility should go hand in hand. The material used in painting or finishing the home and the home things should combine durability with the qualities that give attractive appearance. You want them to *look as well as possible* and you want them to *stay finished*.

## ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

—and there is one for every purpose—are not only most economical and durable, but they are easiest to apply.

**ACME QUALITY HOUSE PAINT** is superior to any other in durability and covering power. There is no chance for variation, as the mixing and tinting is reduced to an exact science. Best for exterior decoration, because of its tough, elastic surface. It will not blister, chip nor curl.

Your dealer doubtless can supply you. If not, write us. Send to-day for

**The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book**

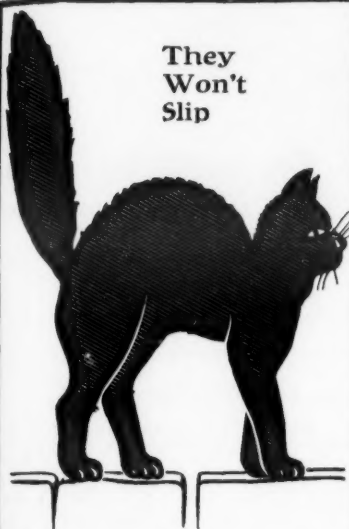


Tells precisely which kind should be used for any given surface about the house, interior or exterior, and just how it should be applied. Handsomely illustrated in full color. A complete painting and finishing hand book. Sent **FREE**. Address

**ACME WHITE LEAD and COLOR WORKS, Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.**



They  
Won't  
Slip



## To Slip or Not To Slip Is The Question.

You will prefer *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* because of the friction plug—a patented feature which positively prevents slipping and makes them wear longer.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt into the house.

Insist upon

# CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

The Name  
is Easy to  
Remember



50c Attached  
All Dealers

## To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.  
107 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



# Collier's



Saturday, October 21, 1911

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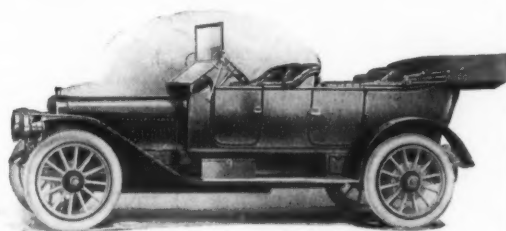
VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 5

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## Our Buyers Run No Risk



## WINTON SIX

WHEN you buy a Six-cylinder car, it is *not* necessary to risk your investment and your happiness on an unproved, experimental car.

For the Winton Six is altogether free from experimental features.

### Four Years of Proof

The Winton Six of today is the same car we have been making for four years, without requiring a single radical change.

It is the same car that, in 350,000 miles of travel in the service of individual owners, established the world's lowest sworn repair expense record—43 cents per 1000 miles.

It is the same car that changed high-grade demand from fours to Sixes, by proving Six supremacy over all other types.

### Demand Highest Merit

Because we have been making Sixes *exclusively* longer than any other maker the world over, you have the right to demand from the Winton Six better service

and higher satisfaction than you would expect from any other six.

And you can be sure that the car that converted many makers from fours to Sixes will make good in your service.

### Winton Six Features

The Winton Six costs \$3000. That gives you an advantage of \$1000 or more at the start. The Winton Six has a 48 H. P. self-cranking motor, electric dash and tail lights, multiple-disc clutch and four-speed transmission running on ball bearings, 130 inch wheel base, 36 x 4½ inch tires all around, Booth Demountable rims, and a luxuriously comfortable body having four doors with operating levers inside.

Our library size catalog is ready. Shall we send you a copy?

The Winton Motor Car Co.  
101 Berea Road Cleveland, Ohio

NEW YORK, Broadway at 70th St. CHICAGO, Michigan Ave. at 13th St. BOSTON, 674 Commonwealth Ave. PHILADELPHIA, 246-248 N. Broad St. BALTIMORE, Md. Royal Pat North Ave. PITTSBURGH, Baum at Beatty St. CLEVELAND, 1228 Huron Road. DETROIT, 994 Woodward Ave. KANSAS CITY, 3326-3330 Main St. MINNEAPOLIS, 16-22 Eighth St. N. SAN FRANCISCO, 300 Van Ness Ave. SEATTLE, 1000-1006 Pike St.



THERE IS BEAUTY  
IN EVERY JAR

# INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

In the Autumn the  
Clever Woman  
Carefully Heeds Her  
Complexion, exposed,  
as it is to the wind and  
cold that irritate and  
coarsen the tender skin.

## Ingram's Milkweed Cream

is the cream preferred by those women who have tested and investigated.

It has unusual and quick acting therapeutic properties. It tones, softens, and whitens the skin,—soothes,—and stimulates the youthful glow in the face of woman.

MILKWEED CREAM is just smoothed gently into the skin with the finger tips, in the morning and before retiring. Vigorous rubbing, which tends to loosen the skin and cause wrinkles, is unnecessary.

MILKWEED CREAM is universally used by the famous beauties of the stage, and is publicly praised and recommended by them.

MILKWEED CREAM sells for 50c per jar at your druggists or direct mail.

### VELVEOLA

The Milkweed Cream Face Powder, smooth, fine, and exquisitely scented. Price 25c.

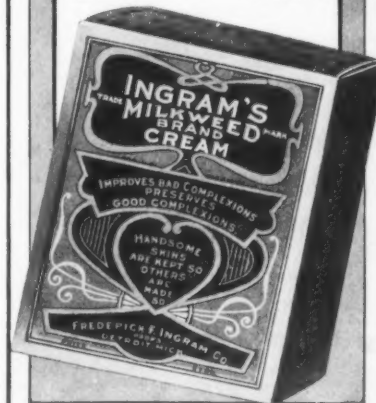
### ZODENTA

INGRAM'S tooth-whitening, mouth-purifying dentifrice, prepared in both powder and paste form. Price 25c.

All of the Ingram toilet specialties are of just one quality—THE BEST, and are sold at druggists or direct by mail on receipt of price. Let us send you a sample of whichever ones you have not put on your dressing table.

Write us to-day

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY  
59 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.







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Beautiful!

Stay-Tyde  
Willow Plumes  
Only \$9.50

The Wonderful Stay-Tyde patent process, owned by us,  
prevents the delicate fluff from breaking. Yet they cost you  
less than you pay elsewhere for ordinary willows.

#### Stay-Tyde Willow Plumes

18 in. long, 16 in. wide, \$5.50 23 in. long, 22 in. wide, \$12.50  
21 in. long, 20 in. wide, 9.50 26 in. long, 24 in. wide, 15.00  
28 in. long, 30 in. wide, \$19.50

#### FRENCH CURL PLUMES

17 in. Special . . . \$1.95  
18 " " . . . 2.45  
19 " " " . . . 3.00  
20 " " " . . . 7.50  
22 " " " . . . 10.00

We have established a world-wide  
reputation on our No. 401 magnifi-  
cent 19-inch French Curl Plume,  
made of rich, glossy, best male  
stock, with wide, broad flares and  
heavy French head. \$5.00  
Black, white and colors.

Send 25c to cover express charges and we will ship any of above  
C. O. D. for free examination. Or send full purchase price and we  
will send, all charges prepaid. Money promptly refunded if for  
any reason you are not satisfied. Send for free catalog of  
French or Willow Plumes, Ostrich Bands, Algrettes and for in-  
formation regarding a complete \$25.00 course in Millinery, Dy-  
ing, Cleaning, Cutting, etc.

SOUTH AFRICAN IMPORTING CO.  
1941 Wabash Ave. Dept. 401, CHICAGO

## Rémoh Gems



### Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of  
the electric furnace—a  
marvelously reconstructed  
gem. **Looks like a dia-  
mond—wears like a dia-  
mond**—brilliance guaran-  
teed forever—stands filing,  
fire and acid like a dia-  
mond. Has no paste, foil  
or artificial backing. Set  
only in 14 Karat Solid gold  
mountings. 1-30th the cost of  
diamonds. Guaranteed to contain  
no glass—will cut glass. Sent  
on approval. Money cheerfully  
refunded if not perfectly satis-  
factory. Write today for our  
De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free  
for the asking. Address—

Remoh  
Jewelry Co.  
543 N. Broadway  
St. Louis, Mo.



### DON'T PAY TWO PRICES—

Save \$19.00 to \$22.00 on



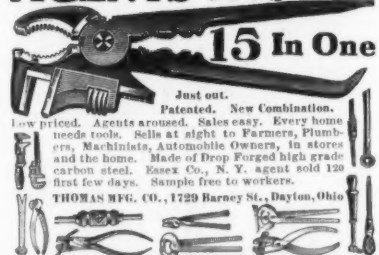
## HOOSIER RANGES

### AND HEATERS

Why not buy the best when you  
can buy them at such low, un-  
heard-of Factory Prices? **THIRTY  
DAYS' FREE TRIAL BEFORE  
YOU BUY.** Our new improvements ab-  
solutely surpass anything ever produced.  
**SEND POSTAL TODAY FOR  
OUR FREE CATALOG AND PRICES**

HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY, 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

## AGENTS 100% PROFIT



### 15 In One

Just out. Patented. New Combination.  
Low priced. Agents wanted. Sales easy. Every home  
needs tools. Sells at sight to Farmers, Plum-  
bers, Machinists, Automobile Owners, in stores  
and the home. Made of Drop Forged high grade  
carbon steel. Jones Co., N. Y. agent sold 120  
first few days. Sample free to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 1729 Barney St., Dayton, Ohio

## LIGHTTEST BY LIGHT-TEST

### SUN Gasoline LAMP

100 candle power each burner. 105 styles.  
1, 2, 3, 4-burner fixtures. Hollow Wire  
Systems also. Burns 90 per cent. air—  
10 per cent. hydrocarbon vapor. 15 years  
of success. Satisfaction or money back.  
Agents make fine commissions; get catalog.  
Sun Light Co. 1211 Market St. Canton, O.

### Greider's Fine Catalogue

of purebred poultry, for 1911, over 200 pages, 27  
large colored pictures of fowls, calendar for each  
month, illustrations, descriptions, photos, incu-  
sators, brooders, information, and all details  
concerning the business, where and how to buy  
fine poultry, eggs for hatching, supplies, etc., at  
lowest cost, in fact the greatest poultry catalog  
ever published. Send 15c for this handsome book.  
B. H. GREIDER, Box 14, Rheims, Pa.



## ELECTRICITY

Get our 112-page Catalog of **VOLTAMP** Elec-  
trical Novelties, Motors, Dynamos, "Wireless,"  
Cells, Transformers, etc. Everything electrical for the experimenter.  
Greatest line of **MINIATURE ELECTRIC RAILWAYS** and cars.  
Catalog with valuable coupons sent only for 6c in stamps or coin  
(No postals answered.)  
VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Rock Ridge, Baltimore, Md.

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 41

I QUOTE the following from a leading  
trade journal:

"Commercial morality or business honor  
"is a subject which is of interest to all  
"merchants. . . . Business is founded es-  
"sentially upon confidence, confidence in  
"the seller being the most important factor  
"in every stage of the business, from the  
"time an article is made until it is put into  
"the hands of the ultimate consumer.  
"Even the manufacturer must have con-  
"fidence in the integrity of the workman,  
"the jobbers in the representations of the  
"manufacturer, the retailer in the jobber,  
"and, above all, the customer must real-  
"ize that the retailer is a man of his word  
"and one who does not and will not mis-  
"represent."

Add to that the confidence which the read-  
er feels in goods advertised in a magazine  
that keeps its advertising columns above  
reproach, and there is very little more to say.

E. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department



The feeling it gives  
your skin the first  
time you use it is a promise  
of what its steady use will do.

## Rub its lather in

One function of the skin is to *absorb*.  
To revive, to freshen up a neglected,  
lifeless skin, rub in the lather of Wood-  
bury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's contains properties which are helpful  
to the skin, which resupply what has been exhausted  
from the skin by modern conditions.

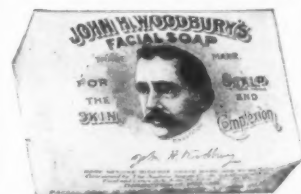
Rub its lather in gently but persistently for several  
minutes.

Rinse in cold water, then rub a piece of ice over  
your face and throat.

This treatment will result in active, glowing skin.

### Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of  
Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Wood-  
bury's Facial Powder. For 50c a  
copy of the Woodbury Book on the care  
of the skin and scalp and samples of  
the Woodbury preparations. The  
Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. J, Spring  
Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Dealers everywhere



Part of full length figure of 1912 Panel. Now ready.

## "Your Face is Your Fortune"

In the life of every man and woman—  
some supreme happiness is won or lost by  
personal appearance. A complexion that  
is clearer, cleaner and more wholesome  
than the average is surely—sometime,  
somewhere, somehow—going to reward  
you with something dear to your mind  
or heart.

Likewise, a neglected complexion  
will just so surely work against you.

In a million families, men and women  
are happier today because Pompeian has  
added to the value of their personal ap-  
pearance. Sometime, somewhere, some-  
how will come the wish that you had used

## POMPEIAN

### Massage Cream

But you can't "wish on" a good complexion.  
Now is the time to begin. Discover how  
Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and  
invigorates the skin; how it exercises the muscles  
of the face, stimulates the circulation and creates  
a fine skin-health. A short use of Pompeian  
will surprise you and your friends. A test will  
prove this. Make the test. Sometime, some-  
where, somehow you will be glad that your face  
is really your fortune. "Don't envy a good  
complexion; use Pompeian and have one." Sold  
by all dealers, but you can try before you buy.

### 1912 Art Calendar

of this charming "Pompeian Beauty" sent with each  
trial jar. Size 12 in. by 8 in., an ideal panel for fram-  
ing (calendar at bottom can be cut off without injuring  
picture). Reproduced in exquisite colors (dark red and  
gold) from original \$5000 painting by Carl Blenner,  
painter of beautiful women.

**Trial Jar** and 1912 Art Calendar both sent for 10c  
(stamps or coin). This is a rare chance to get a trial  
jar of the most popular face cream and also a copy of  
the most popular Art Calendar. Clip coupon before  
you forget it.

Magazines and Books for Library Slips  
(one in each package.)



All Dealers  
50c, 75c and \$1

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 3 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 10c stamps or coin for which  
please send me a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream  
and a 1912 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



## The Latest Variety of Variétés

SKETCHES BY LOUIS FANCHER

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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirtieth Street

NEW YORK

Vol. *xlvi*, No. 5

October 21, 1911

### Finance and Insurance

FROM THE TIME when in our issue of September 15, 1906, we published Mr. BRANDEIS's article, first putting before the public the Massachusetts Savings Bank Insurance plan, we have taken especial interest in the successful development in practice of what was then put forward as an idea. One aspect of this system is that it serves not only to give cheaper insurance to the workingman, but also to resist in some small degree the concentration of capital incident to the huge life insurance reserves and surpluses. When workingmen's life insurance and the old-age pension system are developed, necessary reserves will be extremely large. The Massachusetts plan points the way to localizing the control of these reserves within the State from which they are drawn, and also distributing that control even within the State limits, through the establishment of a large number of insuring centers. It is not at all improbable that the development of life insurance and pensions for workingmen and others will have, as one of its incidental results, reserves so immense as to become a danger, and then we shall face the argument for substituting Government insurance for private insurance. Of course, if the Government should become the insurer the need of reserves, except as a matter of bookkeeping, could be wholly eliminated. In other words, the reserves would then become book-keeping liabilities without physical assets to represent them. Payments would then be made much in the same way that payments on serial bonds are now made from taxes or other current receipts. The conviction is becoming general that in municipal and State bonds the sinking-fund plan should be abandoned and the serial-payment plan substituted in place thereof. Some idea of the huge growth of reserves may be obtained by considering the reserves of the three great companies at the end of 1904 as compared with six years later. It should be borne in mind that during those six years the amount of new insurance was greatly checked, both as a temporary effect of agitation, and by the limitation on the amount of permissible new business imposed by the Armstrong Law. The comparison of "admitted assets" is as follows:

	December 31, 1904	December 31, 1910
Equitable.....	\$389,651,788.84	\$484,204,475.57
Mutual Life.....	429,956,686.05	571,414,117.83
New York Life....	359,798,950.87	639,241,943.49
	\$1,179,407,425.76	\$1,694,860,536.89

Italy is now establishing a national life-insurance system. Wisconsin at the last session of its Legislature passed a law for the establishment of a State system of industrial insurance. Such movements are gaining ground all over the world. Intelligence can have no more useful field than the study of how to guide the development in a direction that shall be for the economic, political, and moral strength of our civilization.

### The Tobacco Situation

CONGRESS by the Sherman Law expressed the economic and political conviction that competition should prevail in industry. The Supreme Court interpreting that act decided unanimously that the tobacco company by its organization and conduct was violating the law. It directed, therefore, that action should be taken "for the purpose of determining upon some plan or method of dissolving the combination and of recreating out of the elements now composing it a new condition which shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law." It declared that three dominant influences must guide the action of the Courts: "(1) The duty of giving complete and efficacious effect to the prohibitions of the statute; (2) the accomplishing of this result with as little as possible injury to the interests of the general public, and (3) a proper regard for the vast interests of private property which have become vested in many persons by reason of acquisition of stock, or otherwise, without any guilty knowledge or intent in any way to become actors or participants in the wrong which we find to have inspired and dominated the combination from the beginning." The tobacco monopoly tended to suppress competition in all branches of the trade. To recreate conditions conformable to the law it is necessary in large part to recreate competition. The planters should have competition from the buyers. The tobacco dealer should have competition among customers. There should be competition among the manufacturers of plug tobacco and smoking tobacco, of snuff, of cigars and cigarettes and stogies. There should be competition among employers for the services

of labor. There should be competition among retailers, from which they and the consumers may derive benefit. Now this complicated problem is primarily commercial and not financial. It depends upon the peculiar facts of the particular branches of the trade. It cannot be solved from the point of view of bonds and stocks alone. The decision in this case will be regarded not merely as a precedent for the numerous dissolutions of trusts which are to follow, but as a test of the efficacy of the anti-Trust Law, and of the ability of our people to preserve competition. But perhaps still more important is the effect which the character of the plan, as actually approved by the judges, will have upon the attitude of the people toward the courts. If a plan should be approved which fails to appreciate the commercial and human interests as distinguished from the financial interests, any existing menace to property and to our institutions generally will be seriously increased by the consequent added distrust of the courts.

### Who Is the Best?

WE ARE SOME FAN, to speak the vernacular; or in that more classic language which springs so prettily and easily to our lips, the national pastime is dear to us. Some millions of American males, from ten to ninety years of age, are now winding up the season's discussion of greatness in the field and on the bench. Regarding players, COBB has earned first place with almost no dispute, even the most ardent champions of WAGNER or MIKE KELLY taking off their hats to the Georgian. As to managers, it is far less clear. COMISKEY, in the halcyon days of the St. Louis Browns, proved his ability, as did ANSON in the same era. CONNIE MACK comes near to being the ablest manager to-day, with FRANK CHANCE, FRED CLARKE, MCGRAW, and JENNINGS deserving consideration. Our choice, however, for the most brilliant manager in history is none of these. He is a man, alive, but now retired, who once played with Albany, Cleveland, and Detroit. He then managed Pittsburgh in the Brotherhood days. He was manager of the great Baltimore Orioles when they won three straight pennants, his success being due largely to his skill in trading players. Brooklyn then won two pennants under his management, after which he bought the Baltimore Eastern League club and won another pennant. He sold out a couple of years ago. Our memory is not flawless but subject to correction by any fan, our vote for the greatest manager in history goes to EDWARD HANLON.

### Which is the More Foolish?

MEN WRITE more than women, and therefore there are more jokes produced at the expense of women than at the expense of men. A good many of these jokes deal with slavery to dress. We should be glad to know, however, whether servility to fashion is carried any further, in anything that women do, than it is carried by men in regard to straw hats. Take the town of New York, for example. Even if it happens to be boiling hot, as it often is, after September 15, a man is compelled to drop his comfortable light straw, and probably put on a heavy and stiff black object, unless he wishes to be made uncomfortable by his associate masters of creation. If he goes to a ball game with a straw hat on after the magic date, he is punished not only by jeers but by cushions hurled at his head. Can women beat it?

### Selecting a Senator

THE MANCHESTER "UNION" is good enough to say that the selection by the editor of COLLIER'S "of a candidate for the New Hampshire Progressives for United States Senator is still awaited with some curiosity, but they will not be buncoed by him and his New York associates." The Progressive Republicans of New Hampshire will choose their own candidate, and we need hardly add that this newspaper will not have the honor of being consulted. It will, however, maintain the privilege of supporting whom it pleases for any office in New Hampshire or any other State. It does not intend to support either Mr. QUINBY or Mr. PILLSBURY for any position. If the Democrats nominate as good a man for Governor as now looks probable we shall support him, unless the Republican Progressives select a man equally as desirable. We are tired of stupid partisanship in State matters, and for our part should be perfectly pleased if the Republican Progressives would get behind the first-class Democrat who now seems the probable candidate for Governor. We should be equally pleased if Progressive Democrats would help to enable the Progressive Republicans to win

over the machine selection in the fight now beginning for the Senatorship. The real distinction, as everybody understands these days, is between Standpatters and Progressives, not between those who happen to be called Republicans and those who happen to be called Democrats. Mr. PILLSBURY's papers would realize this as well as anybody else if the editor of that paper were not rendered a trifle insane by his desire to sit in the seats of the mighty.

#### A Modern Development

WOODROW WILSON emerged victor in the first test of popular strength under the new election law in New Jersey. Essex County, the stronghold of former Senator SMITH's forces, routed the Wilson supporters, and gave the impression at first that WILSON had met disapproval at the polls. WILSON's supporters, however, carried practically every other county in the State outside of Essex. The popularity of New Jersey's Governor in the country at large is an indication of the rapid growth of a modern point of view. Emancipation from party shibboleths, antagonism to boss rule, a fearless stand on issues, are to-day the slogans of political success. The voter wants a declaration of principles, not in party platforms, but from accountable candidates. He wants the living voice. Governor WILSON's attitude on local and national questions, more than his scholarship and oratory, has made his fame over the West one of the recent startling facts in national politics.

#### Hitchcock's Genius

TO WHAT EXTENT are the powers of the Postmaster-General arbitrary, complete, and unaffected by reason? Before long there may be a chance to learn. Can he select a certain kind of letters, because he doesn't like them, and in spite of their paying two cents an ounce, send them by slow freight? If not, what limit is there? Because he has been irritated at what he is pleased to deem muckraking, he is attempting discriminations that sound like farce. When he first planned his attack on the more aggressive magazines, by raising the rates, his agents wrote to various comparatively innocuous publications, saying that they would not be affected. Most trade publications, whether monthly or weekly, were on this list of exceptions. Beaten for the moment in his attempt to have the rates raised, he conceived another device and undertook to reclassify so as to accomplish a similar end. He has begun with the monthlies. "McClure's," "Everybody's," and others are now to be sent about five days more slowly from New York to San Francisco. Of course, a monthly like the "Review of Reviews" suffers peculiarly from such punishment, as it must cut off its subscribers just five days earlier in its review of the preceding month. The "Review of Reviews" has been somewhat critical of the Administration. The "Nineteenth Century," the "Fortnightly," the "Contemporary," "Blackwood's," the "Edinburgh Review"—these do no harm, and they are allowed to travel just as fast as ever. Some American magazines which do not depend upon timeliness are included, but not punished, as five days mean nothing to them, and these magazines do not indulge in criticism, so in that respect Mr. HITCHCOCK's trick works ideally. It remains for the courts to decide whether his powers to be arbitrary are as unlimited as he imagines.

#### A Living Principle

CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA, vote for BLANKENBURG for Mayor. You will be supporting a man of admirable record and a party which stands for what city government ought to be. Forget those party labels and party arguments which have nothing to do with city affairs, and vote for a principle which is growing everywhere. Vote for the party which exists not to feed machines but to help the taxpayers receive what they pay for. Don't bother your head about worn-out words that have no meaning. Mr. BLANKENBURG's character was shown when he returned his three years' salary as City Commissioner—\$15,000, a large sum to him. He owes his nomination to no boss or machine or contractor, but to his own record, not only as City Commissioner but during a generation on the firing line of reform politics. We have yet to hear any argument of any weight against the proposition that he is the ideal man to occupy the City Hall during the next four years. Vote for BLANKENBURG.

#### Hunt and Cox

CINCINNATI'S SITUATION IS IDEAL; for intellect, refinement, love of music, and the arts, it has a good reputation. Long ago it passed beyond the cruder stages, and, like St. Louis and other cities in the near and far West, became a center of cultivation. Then came the political boss, who seems to have hankered for the best in cities. Cleveland was freed from ring rule; San Francisco and St. Louis threw off the yoke. Only two cities in the Union are left with his collar firmly fixed. MURPHY in New York is all virtue as compared with COX. Cleveland, according to the last census, has made marvelous material strides; other cities, with not a quarter of the advantages or attractions, have surpassed Cincinnati in growth in the last decade. The reason is not far to seek. Thuggism has ruled Cincinnati; business men of independence found it hard to thrive; real citizenship was outlawed; servile judges obeyed COX's will. Out of this slough Cincinnati has a chance to rise. HENRY T. HUNT, elected prosecuting attorney by some freak of politics, has been fighting COX. He is an able and ideal figure in our municipal life. Those seeking the redemption of Cincinnati have picked him as mayoralty candidate against COX's machine. He is a Democrat,

but Cincinnati's future depends, not on its partisanship, but on its citizenship. No Republican need hesitate to support HUNT. In such a crisis as confronts Cincinnati, party fealty is a snare.

#### Italy's Expansion

THE ITALIANS, in general, have little military spirit," writes one of them, Professor GARLANDA of the University of Rome, in a work just translated into English. Recalling the battle of Adowa, where thousands of Italian soldiers were cut down by the Abyssinians or given over to slavery, he reduces to two the direct causes of that national disaster: "The incapacity, the ignorance, or worse, of the general in command, and the defective organization of the Italian forces." It is fifteen years since Adowa, and ten years since Professor GARLANDA wrote "The New Italy." In the meantime the Italian army, as well as the fiscal administration and many governmental departments, has been raised to a higher point of efficiency. Everything about the present undertaking in Tripoli indicates that Italy planned her moves carefully. She refused to see the North African coast partitioned between Spain, France, and Germany without receiving her own share. Italy, as well as England, has had her poet of expansion. The Italian KIPLING is named D'ANNUNZIO, and in his drama of "The Ship" he has told his country that her empire "lies on the wave." His countrymen agree in that opinion.

#### The Land Scheme

IN REAL ESTATE PROMOTION the possibilities include most of the surface of the earth. Much of the land business is done at vast distances. The investor doesn't bite at chances in his own locality, for here he knows his ground, hears the local knocks, grows up with the weak points of the promoters, sees the land lie unused for years. There is no glamour to the dreary unsold plots just around the corner. If you live two thousand miles from the lots, how the situation is transfigured! The land becomes a glittering plain of shining acres. Oil may be underneath, fruit will spring up spontaneously on the surface, or a McAdoo subway is about to tap its northeast corner. Said an old-time promoter to the managing editor of the Denver "News":

All the fellows who used to be in the mining-promotion graft are now selling land, taking advantage of the desire for Western irrigated land and the boom. Scratch a land promoter and the chances are ten to one you'll find a man who a few years ago was trying to sell you mining stock in some outfit that no one ever heard of.

A lieutenant in the Twelfth Cavalry at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, Philippine Islands, asks after an improvement company of Duluth, Minnesota. A man in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, wishes lots in Morsemere, New Jersey. Lieutenant S. — of the U. S. S. *Vermont* asks about "The Jacksonville Heights Improvements Company" and "The Texas Coast Development Company." From the Turks Islands a clergyman asks if he should feed good money out to our own famous, unfortunate Ostrander, Limited. The Jantha Plantation Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, reaches WILLIAM MOHLER of Strome, Alberta, Canada. The Hanover Estates of New York are considered in Portland, Oregon. Distance lends enchantment in speculation always.

#### Getting Rid of One Grievance

ALTHOUGH the new Wisconsin Workman's Compensation Act, which became effective September 1, is being tested in the State Supreme Court, sixty corporations, firms, and individuals, employing 42,000 workers, have come in. The United States Steel Corporation has recently completed the installation of some important new safety devices in its engine houses, shops, shaft houses, and mines on the Marquette Range. In a late issue of the "Mississippi Valley Lumberman," a trade paper of the sawmill interests, appears a suggestion to the lumber manufacturers of the State of Washington. This is to supplement the inspection system of the State Labor Commission with a lumbermen's association inspection—the object being to see that at all times safety devices protecting workmen from machinery are in place and in order. Discussion of the feasible systems of insurance to cover the cost of complying with workmen's compensation laws is going on among employers, the principle being generally accepted. The end of a long fight is drawing near.

#### Great Paintings

THE BEST OF ALL CRITICS of painting is EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. Said he: "If the 'Night Watch' should disappear, what would happen?" The "Night Watch," as a matter of fact, was attacked and injured with a knife not long before the "Mona Lisa" disappeared, so we almost had the chance to answer FROMENTIN's question. FROMENTIN's reply, in his remarkable study of REMBRANDT, is that the "Night Watch" is vastly overrated, and is by no means the author's master work. The error he thinks similar to that which puts the "Assumption" too high among TITIAN's works, or the "Rape of Europa" among VERONESE's. Next to his RUYSDAEL, FROMENTIN's interpretation of REMBRANDT is the most penetrating part of his great work. What he would have said about the "Mona Lisa" we do not fully know, as he did not live to complete his projected volume on the masters of Italy. Hints in the volume he wrote on the old masters of Belgium and Holland, however, are enough to indicate that he believes LEONARDO's portrait to deserve the place with which the world has honored it.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



**Baseball Follows the Flag**

The national game has caught the fancy of the Igorotes. This picture was taken recently at Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, and the players made up in enthusiasm for what they lacked in skill. They were clad in gaudy shirts and caps, furnished by Governor-General Forbes. The fathers of these boys used to settle their differences with head-axes, but baseball has captured the fancy of the younger generation, and now the challenge is "mag besbol"—play baseball. The game here shown was watched by hundreds of the mountain people, who displayed keen and intelligent interest in some of the fine points of the sport.

# What the World is Doing A



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

## Italy's War with Turkey

The first naval action in the war for Tripoli was the destruction of a Turkish torpedo-boat flotilla by Italian destroyers commanded by the Duke of the Abruzzi. On September 30 a detachment of Italian destroyers attacked the Turkish torpedo craft stationed in Prevesa harbor. The destroyers Arligliere, Corazziere, and Alpino engaged the flotilla of 12.



# A Record of Current Events



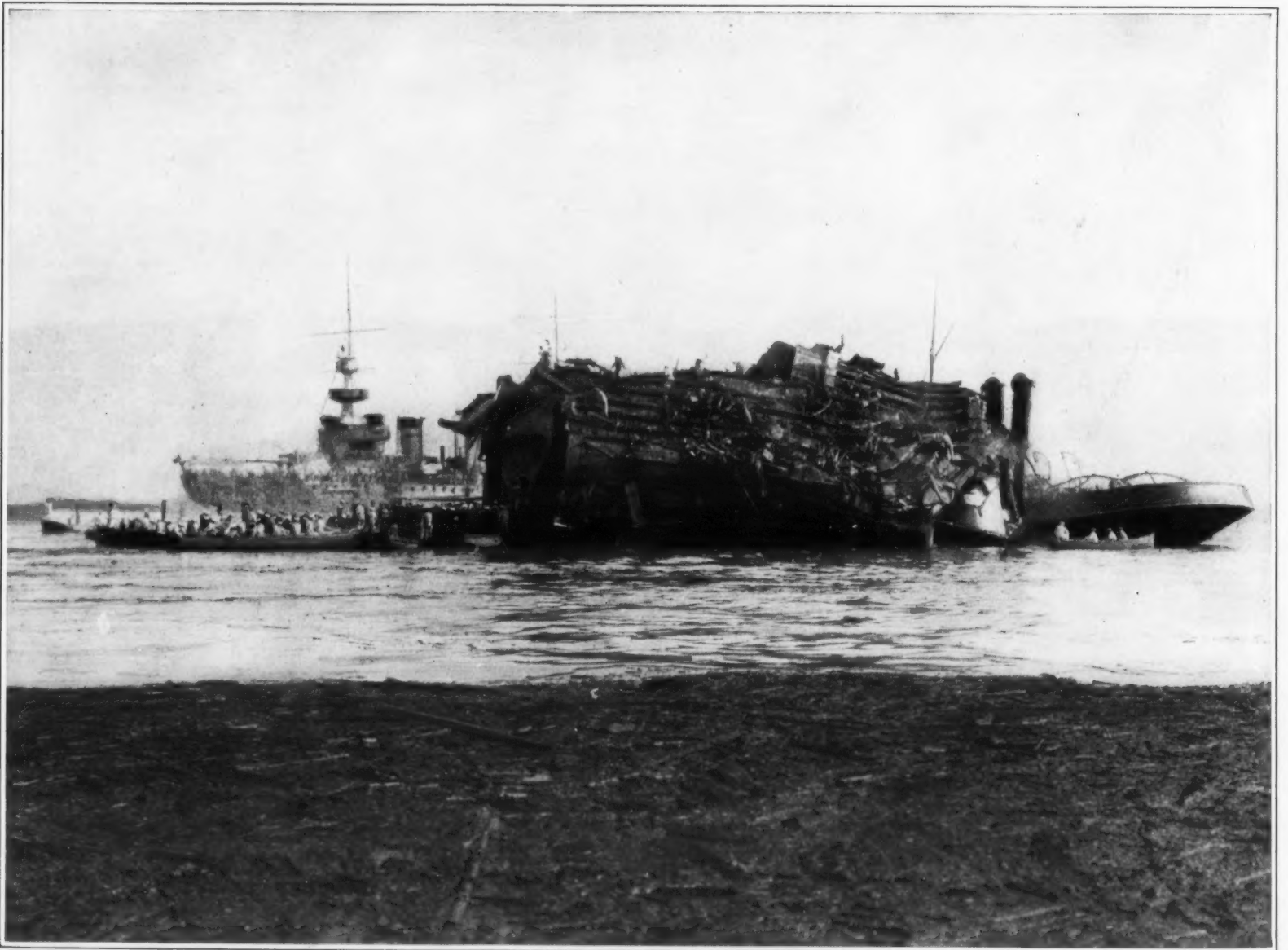
## The Naval Action Off Prevesa

Turks engaged the Turks and sank one torpedo boat and captured two others. Supported by the cruiser Vettor Pisani, the flagship of Vice Admiral di Abruuzzi, the Italian flotilla overmatched the Turks. This raid and subsequent operations by the Italians in the Adriatic have brought forth remonstrations from Austria, Italy's old enemy and Alpinet 27

# What the World is Doing



An actual photograph of the blowing up of La Liberté in the harbor of Toulon at daybreak, September 25



Sailors from the French fleet rescuing the wounded and removing the dead from the battered hull of La Liberté

## France Loses One of Her Greatest Battleships

In the harbor of Toulon, at dawn on the morning of September 25, the French battleship La Liberté was totally destroyed by an explosion of her powder magazines. The official investigation has not yet definitely disclosed the cause of the disaster—expert opinion inclining toward deterioration and spontaneous combustion of the B powder, rumor suggesting a ghastly crime. Two hundred and thirty-five officers and men of the French navy were killed and nearly as many more were wounded. Bodies were thrown even as far as to the decks of other warships, and the harbor was strewn with wreckage and human remains. La Liberté was a vessel of 14,900 tons, armed with twenty-two 14-inch guns, supplemented with a secondary battery. She was manned by 34 officers and 1,050 men

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# The Coming of the Irish Players

By Lady Gregory

AT THE beginning of 1898 I was in London, and I find a note written in a diary I have kept from time to time: "Yeats and Sir Alfred Lyall to tea. Yeats stayed on. He is very full of playwriting. . . . He with the aid of Miss Florence Farr, an actress who thinks more of a romantic than of a paying play, is very keen about taking or building a little theatre somewhere in the suburbs to produce romantic drama, his own plays, Edward Martyn's, one of Bridges's, and he is trying to stir up Standish O'Grady and Fiona Macleod to write some. He believes there will be a reaction after the realism of Ibsen and romance will have its turn. He has put 'a great deal of himself' into his own new play, 'The Shadowy Waters,' and rather startled me by saying about half his characters have eagle's faces."

## A Successful Start

A LITTLE time after that I had come home to Coole, and Mr. Yeats came over there and we wrote a program or circular. It began:

"We propose to have performed in Dublin in the spring of every year certain Celtic and Irish plays, which, whatever be their degree of excellence, will be written with a high ambition and so to build up a Celtic and Irish school of dramatic literature. We hope to find in Ireland an uncorrupted and imaginative audience trained to listen by its passion for oratory, and believe that our desire to bring upon the stage the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland will insure for us a tolerant welcome, and that freedom to experiment which is not found in theatres of England, and without which no new movement in art or literature can succeed. We will show that Ireland is not the home of buffoonery and of easy sentiment, as it has been represented, but the home of an ancient idealism. We are confident of the support of all Irish people, who are weary of misrepresentation, in carrying out a work that is outside all the political questions that divide us."

We asked for a guarantee fund of £300 to make the experiment, which we hoped to continue during three years.

We gave our first performance in May, 1899, at the Ancient Concert Rooms. Mr. Yeats's "Countess Cathleen" and Mr. Martyn's "Heather Field" were the plays given. There was real excitement over the experiment, and after the first night London papers sent over representatives to make a report. There was enthusiasm for both plays, and this we had expected, but what we had not expected was that at the last moment a political enemy of Mr. Yeats's had sent out a pamphlet in which he attacked the "Countess Cathleen" on the ground of religious unorthodoxy. The pamphlet was sent about; sentences spoken by the demons in the play were detached and given as Mr. Yeats's own opinions, and a Cardinal, having read the pamphlet but not the play, condemned it on the strength of these quotations. Young men from the Catholic University were roused to come and make a protest against this "insult to their faith," and in the end the play was given under police protection, an attack on the actors—English actors who had been brought over for the performances—being feared. They found it hard to understand the excitement, but went through their parts very well.

The next year we again collected English actors and again played in the spring, taking the Gaiety Theatre this time. "The Bending of the Bough," written by Mr. George Moore and Mr. Yeats on Mr. Martyn's play, "The Tale of a Town," afterward published, was given, and also "Maevie," Mr. Martyn's symbolic play concerning the idealism of Ireland, and a one-act play by Miss Alice Milligan, "The Last Feast of the Fianna." In our third year, 1901, Mr. F. R. Benson took the burden of our enterprise on his shoulders and produced "Diarmuid and Grania," a heroic play by Mr. George Moore and Mr. Yeats. This time also we produced "The

Twisting of the Rope," by the founder of the Gaelic League, Dr. Douglas Hyde, the first time a play written in Irish had been seen in a Dublin theatre. He had written it in two or three days, while staying with us at Coole, on one of the Hanrahan stories written by Mr. Yeats. He acted in it himself with other Irish speakers, and it was a delight even to those who knew no Irish—it was played with so much gaiety, ease, and charm.

Our three years' experience had ended, and we hesitated what to do next. But a breaking and rebuilding is often for the best, and so it was now. We had up to this time, as I have said, played only once a year, and had engaged actors from London, some of them Irish, certainly, but all London-trained. The time had come to play oftener and to train actors of our own. Mr. Yeats had never ceased attacking the methods of the ordinary theatre, both in gesture and staging, and wanted to try for more simple ones. It happened there were two brothers in Dublin, William and Frank Fay, who had been in the habit of playing little farces in coffee palaces and such like in their spare time. William had a genius for comedy; Frank's ambitions were for the production of verse. They or one of them had thought of emigrating, but had seen our performances, and thought something might be done in the way of creating a school of acting in Ireland. They came to us at this time and talked matters over. They had work to do in the daytime and could only rehearse at night. The result was that Mr. Yeats gave his "Cathleen ny Houlihan" to be produced by Mr. Fay at the same time as plays by Mr. George Russell and Mr. Ryan, first at St. Theresa's Hall and then at the Ancient Concert Rooms.

## Encouraging Contributions

THAT was the foundation of an Irish dramatic company. I have given these beginnings of our theatre in some detail, as they are apt to be forgotten. It has grown steadily since then. We worked on with Mr. W. Fay as producer, and when all his time was needed for our enterprise we paid him, a part coming from the earnings of the company, a part from me, and a part from Mr. Yeats. Toward other expenses we were given £50 by an American friend, Mr. John Quinn. Mr. Fay and his brother left us in a moment of discouragement and of trouble with the company, but not until we had been several times

to London and had found good audiences and been given good notices. These London visits led to generous help from Miss Horniman, who bought and reconstructed the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and gave us free use of it, together with a subsidy, which was promised until the end of 1910, when our patent came to an end.

## Our Own Theatre

WE HAVE now with our savings, however, been able to buy the Abbey Theatre and to bear the cost of obtaining a new patent. We have asked for an endowment of £5,000 to enable us to continue our work and independence through the next half dozen years, and of this sum a considerable part has been given.

As to our players, they have won their own admirers, and I, for one, owe

them very many thanks for the way they have made the characters of my comedies laugh and live.

The name that justifies the creation of our theatre most of all is perhaps that of the late J. M. Synge.

At the time of his first visit to Coole he had written some poems, not very good, not so good as those which have been published, and a play which was not good at all. I read it again lately when helping Mr. Yeats in sorting out the work to be published in Synge's collected edition, and again it seemed with-

out merit. He was collecting folklore and studying dialect. Later when my "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" came out, he said to Mr. Yeats that he had been amazed to find in it the dialect he had been trying to master. I say this with a little pride, for I was the first to use the Irish idiom, as it is spoken, to any large extent and with belief in it. Dr. Hyde has used it with fine effect in his "Love Songs of Connacht," but gave it up afterward on being remonstrated with by a Dublin editor. The next thing Synge wrote was, I think, his book on Aran, but he could not find a publisher. I myself took it to London and had it retyped, and both Mr. Yeats and I offered it to publishers, but it was rejected, and it had to rest until his name had gone up. Then one day he brought us two plays, "The Riders to the Sea" and "The Shadow of the Glen," both masterpieces, both perfect in their way. It was the working in dialect that had set free his style, and the dramatic method he had mastered had made the fitting mold.

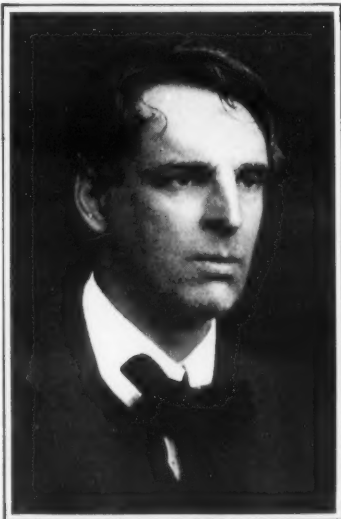
## Organized Opposition

WE PUT these plays on as soon as possible in Dublin. We took some trouble about the staging; I had Aran costumes copied, and bought some in Galway pawnshops, and I found in the country a spinning wheel that had been in the same family for over a hundred years.

The other play, "The Shadow of the Glen," was attacked by a few as a libel on the Irish peasant, but that cry soon died away. "The Well of the Saints" passed without much comment, but with a very small audience, for those were early days at the Abbey. It was different when "The Play Boy of the Western World" was put on. On the first night, a Saturday, there was a very large audience. Mr. Yeats was away, Mr. Synge was there, but not very well, and nervous, as he always was at a new production. It began well, the first act and the second got their applause, though one felt the audience were a little puzzled, a little shocked at the wild language. As the third act went on there was some hissing, and the end of the play was rather disturbed. On Monday night, "Riders," which preceded it, went very well indeed. But in the interval after it I noticed at one side of the pit a phalanx of men sitting together, not a woman among them. I told Synge I thought it looked like some organized disturbance, and he telephoned to have the police at hand in case of an attack upon the stage. The first part of the first act went undisturbed. Then suddenly an uproar began. The group of men, about forty altogether, boomed, hooted, blew tin trumpets; it was impossible to hear a word of the play. The curtain came down for a minute, but I went round and told the actors to go on playing to the end even if a word could not be heard. There were very few people in the stalls, but among them was Lord Walter Fitzgerald, grand-nephew of the patriot, the beloved Lord Edward. He stood up and asked that he and others of the audience might hear the play, but that was refused. The police, hearing the uproar, came in, but we sent them out again; we wanted to see how far the obstruction would go. It lasted to the end of the evening; not one word had been heard after the first ten minutes. Next day Mr. Yeats arrived and took the management of affairs. There was a battle of a week. Every night protestors with tin trumpets came and interrupted; every night the police carried some of them off to the police courts. We determined to hold on for the week we had announced the play for. It was a definite fight for

freedom from a mob censorship. A part of the new national movement had been, and rightly, a protest against the stage Irishman, the vulgar and unnatural butt given on the English stage to represent our countrymen. We had the destroying of that scarecrow in mind among other things in setting up our theatre, and there is no doubt he has all but disappeared in these last years. But the Nationalist Societies were impatient; they began to dictate here and there what should or should

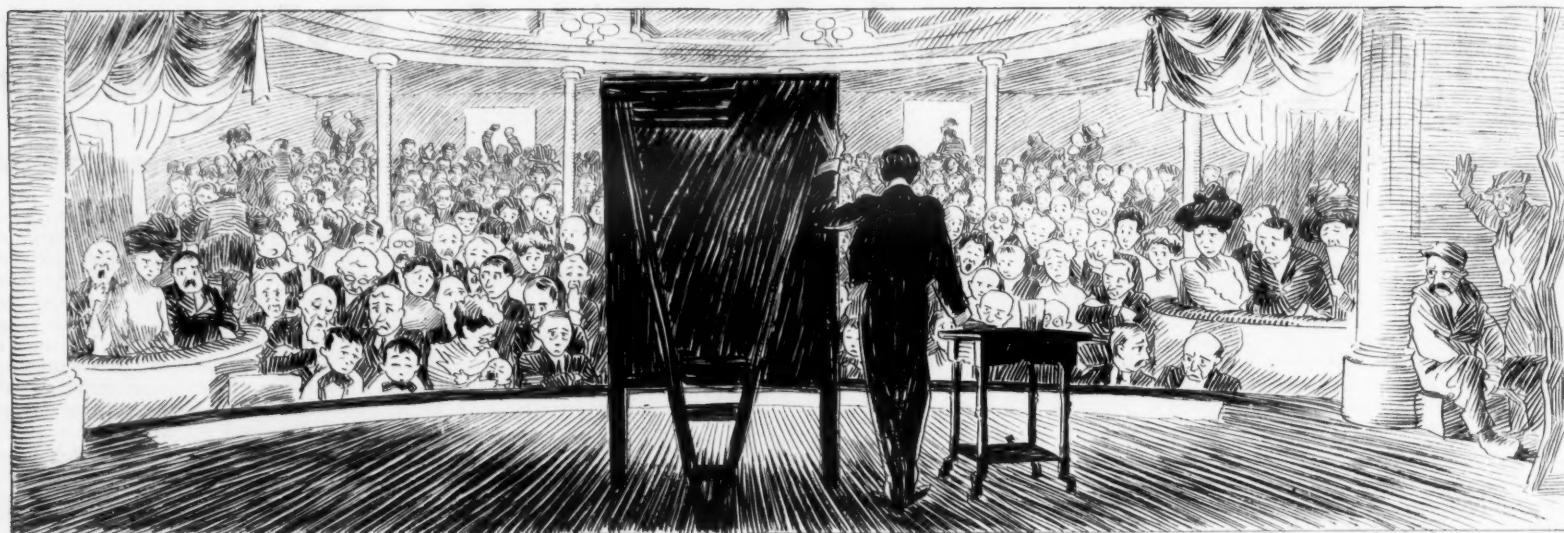
(Concluded on page 24)



William Butler Yeats



Lady Gregory



# Lecturing in the Opry Houses

By John T. McCutcheon  
Pictures By Himself

**O**CCASIONALLY in the winter months I make flying trips to places near Chicago for the purpose of lecturing upon newspaper cartoons. The lecture is not a serious one—at least not intentionally so—but in order that it may be dignified by a claim to a serious purpose, I call it "A Talk on the Psychology of the Newspaper Cartoon." The word "psychology" is supposed to establish this claim.

A lecture bureau arranges the preliminaries, signs up the articles, etc., and sends around a list of places where I must deliver myself upon certain fixed dates with my dress suit and other by-products of glory.

As each date approaches I become conscious of a vague melancholy, a haunting depression somewhat like homesickness, unrequited love, or the first day of school, and this symptom remains with me until the lecture has been given and I am on my way home again. Experienced lecturers probably overcome this feeling, but I have never become sufficiently acclimated to the lecture platform to escape certain agonies that seem inseparable from the work.

For example, there are the long and lonesome rides in superheated day coaches and the arrivals in the early darkness of winter nights on the wind-swept platforms of small town depots. Then there are the journeys in rickety buses, dimly lighted by smoking lamps, from the depot to the hotel, where commercial travelers regard you with gloomy suspicion, and wonder what "line" you are carrying.

Also there are the hotels, which are not calculated to fill you with the fierce joy of living, particularly when your portrait has been lavishly placarded about the office to advertise your lecture. This portrait is the work of a photographer who has ingeniously contrived to produce a somewhat startling effect in Rembrandt lights and shadows, and the local committee, apparently wishing to lure the traveling world to the lecture, has placed one at the clerk's desk, a couple more in the reading room, and another in the cigar stand Gallery of Fame along with Robert Burns, Henry George, and the Principe de Gales.

## Running the Gantlet

**I**T IS an ordeal to enter a hotel office and run the gantlet of all these placards. You hope to escape recognition, yet when you do you feel vaguely disappointed. You would prefer to attribute the complete absence of polite interest to ignorance rather than to indifference. At any rate, there is no bustle of excitement. Hungry traveling men are directing their spare thoughts toward matters culinary and you are allowed to register without creating a single stir.

When you arrive late in a town, as you invariably try to do, it is of great importance to get in touch with the committee as soon as possible in order to learn whether your drawing paper and easel have arrived. If they have not, you must try to extemporize

some kind of a substitute, which in the average small town is as difficult to find as the spare parts of an aeroplane.

So you go downstairs to look for the telephone, carefully giving all your lithographs a wide berth, and call up the head of the committee. A relieved voice answers and you are pleasantly informed that



He speaks your name in a voice that rings out in the stillness of the dining room

the committee has been meeting trains all day and was afraid that you had missed your connections. He says that the equipment has arrived and that he will be right down.

This formality over, you then go in to eat and at a moment when the dining room is very quiet the committeeman arrives. He dashes in, scanning the tables for a face full of Rembrandt high lights and shadows, and finally, by a process of elimination, approaches you. He speaks your name in a voice that seems to ring out in the stillness of the dining room. People hastily turn around in their chairs to see who is being arrested; waitresses pause and



The glare of a hardened stage hand that makes a timid lecturer shrivel and shrink

business generally is suspended while the committeeman confides to the world at large that he expected to see a much larger man.

You arise, muttering something apologetic and inwardly deprecate the fact that you are not six feet six, with a leonine head and the whiskers of a grand duke.

Everything is ready for the lecture, the committeeman tells you. "They are looking forward to a splendid evening's entertainment," he says cheerfully. He then hurries away with the remark that the lecture is to begin at 8.15 and that the theatre is three blocks down where all the lights are. A feeling of desolating loneliness envelops you.

Sometimes the lecture is held in a church, sometimes in a college chapel, sometimes in a vast and drafty armory with acoustics that defy anything less than a cornet, but most often it is held in the local theatre.

In many cases the lecture is part of a lecture course, tickets for the entire series of six being sold early in the season. Consequently, in such cases, you are reasonably certain of a good audience if it is your first appearance there.

## Passing the Doorman

**O**N YOUR way to the theatre you fall in with little groups of people bound for the same place, and as there is no reason why you should avoid overhearing their comments before the lecture, you follow the leisurely trend of this tide and soon reach the doorman. He reaches for your ticket, and when you whisper your name he repeats it in a loud tone, which causes people to regard you with suddenly acquired interest.

"Well, the show can't start till you get here," says the doorman, good-naturedly. (He is not the regular doorman.) There is an earnest murmur all about you and you overhear whispering mammas telling their little children about the man who draws the pictures in the paper. The children regard you with wide eyes. They think you draw all the pictures in all the papers, and for a little while you are a hero.

An usher escorts you down a side aisle to the stage door and you disappear in the friendly gloom of the wings. The curtain is down and a stage hand coldly scrutinizes you. Four or five boy assistants, doubtless attracted by the glamour of the stage, also coldly scrutinize you. This is an ordeal, for there is something about the basilisk glare of a hardened stage hand that makes a timid lecturer shrivel and shrink with a realizing sense of his utter unimportance. You know perfectly well that he would rather see a good vaudeville show than hear the latest news about the psychology of cartoons.

Your easel and drawing paper are arranged in the middle of the stage, a table for the crayon is placed alongside, and a dust-enrusted glass of water is hastily commandeered from the nearest faucet by one of the youthful re-



tainers. The table is placed next to the easel with two feet of space between, so that you can lean upon both the table and the easel while talking, and thus obtain valued support from at least two directions.

All is ready. It is now 8.15, and the head of the local bureau comes and briskly announces that "she's filling up." He repeats the expectation of a splendid evening's entertainment, and you wish he hadn't.

People are still coming, and you suggest that it might be well to let the audience get firmly seated before the lecture begins. In that way you get a short respite. Finally all but a few important people are present and the gallery is beginning to stomp and whistle. Through the curtain peephole you observe that there are lots of children present. This means that you must hustle through the "psychology" part before their patience and politeness are exhausted, for you know they have come to see the pictures made and will be peaceful only while this is being done.

The moment has arrived. You clutch your tie to see if it is straight, give a gulp or two and signal that you are ready.

"I've just a few words to say," whispers the local head. "They'll take only a moment or so," and then you find yourself out in the open and know that several hundred people are sizing you up from head to foot.

It is something to face danger at the cannon's mouth, but for a real ordeal commend me to the few moments while being introduced to an audience. You are swamped with pleasant adjectives, but in the midst of them you find time to hope that the introducer will get your initials right when he announces your name. Once a gentleman introduced me with

a wealth of rhetoric and then forgot not only the initials but my whole name.

Throughout the course of these introductory remarks you endeavor to detach yourself and assume an impersonal interest, polite but not glowing. You



For a real ordeal commend me to the few moments while being introduced

scan the galleries in an effort to appear unconscious of the glasses that are fixed upon you, an effort whose success depends largely upon whether you are wondering if your stocking supporter is lopping down over your shoe.

At last your name is spoken and you arise and bow. The introducer departs and leaves you to your fate, propped up between the easel and the table, and with a fierce blast of eyes beating against you. Little

boys and girls in the front look up eagerly, as if expecting you to start in at once on a funny picture, and when you begin on your verbal prologue their disappointment becomes so painful that you speed up your sentences until the words are telescoping.

Late comers now arrive and everybody in the house turns to see who they are. The point of your opening story is lost in the confusion of shifting feet and the expected murmur of polite applause is sidetracked.

Through the "psychology" part you are conscious of a wavering interest and notice that the children are beginning to fidget about a good deal. They haven't come for psychology. There is a general shifting of positions and an epidemic of coughing, which sweeps over the audience with depressing effect. Then there comes a welcome spot where interest revives and the house becomes hushed in silence. Then more "psychology," during which the older members of the audience, accustomed to early retiring, frankly begin to nod drowsily. The children are gazing at you with glazed and drooping eyes.

You catch people looking at one another.

Once, while in a certain part of my lecture, a part that never fails to act as a soporific, I became conscious of a sudden wave of interest that swept the house. People were sitting bolt upright in rapt attention, and I couldn't understand it. I hoped that at last "psychology" had come into its own, but it developed a little later that a cat had walked out on the stage and was marching and countermarching behind me. There's nothing like an earnest cat to enliven a psychological discourse out where they go to bed early.

Upon another occasion I found that the evening went

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# Side-Tracked

By Charles Belmont Davis  
Pictures by Henry Raleigh

THE New York car was at last left alone and at peace on a deserted siding far up the junction yard. Philip Hyde closed the book he had been reading, looked out of the window on a very high and most uninteresting bank of cinders, and started

in search of his friend, James Werden. He found him sitting on the steps of the end platform gazing up at a perfect midsummer silver moon which shone resplendent from a cloudless, purple sky.

"Get off those steps," Hyde said, "and give me a chance to look about. Where are we anyhow?"

The two young men swung themselves to the ground and slowly climbed up the steep, crumbling bank.

"This," explained Werden, "is the ancient village of Clifton Junction—Clifton Junction, Virginia—and the porter tells me that the northbound train will pick us up in something over an hour. That is, it will if it's on time, and if the southbound train, which should get here just before it, is on time," both of which events he seemed to regard as extremely remote possibilities.

THEY were standing on a broad, dusty roadway, which for several hundred yards ran parallel to the railway, and at the end of this they could see the lights of the station.

Across the roadway from the tracks there was a dismal-looking row of little fruit stores and cheap restaurants, lighted by an occasional smoky oil lamp or a flaming kerosene torch, and one building, which was no less forlorn but a little larger than its destitute neighbors, had a transparency hung out showing the words: "Larrabee's Place."

Back of where they stood the road ran as far as an old covered wooden bridge, which crossed the railroad tracks, and where civilization, if Clifton Junction could be called civilization, seemed to cease entirely. Beyond this they could see nothing but the black jagged lines of endless wooded hills cut out against the purple sky.

"That bridge," said Werden, "leads to the town inn, which is closed. The residential quarter—at least so the porter assures me—lies down there back of the station, and the white-light district is confined to the barn-like structure illuminated with the oil lamps on our immediate right. Some nights they have moving pictures and vaudeville."



God had given him a voice with which he could tell his love

"Judging by the welcoming lights over the box-office window," Hyde said, "it seems to be one of those nights. I suppose, as confirmed patrons of the drama, we really ought to go, but first I'm for a stroll down the main street."

Slowly they sauntered along the dusty road in the direction of the station.

"Do you suppose," said Werden, "that people really live the whole year round in a place like this?"

Hyde shook his head. "They do if you call breathing and eating and sleeping living. Besides, some nights they have vaudeville and moving pictures."

For a moment they hesitated before the door of the hotel, or, rather, the barroom, for with the exception of a hallway just broad enough for the stairs which led to the upper part of the house, the café occupied the entire ground floor.

"Could I proffer you a drink?" asked Hyde.

"I don't know," said Werden, "we might try a bottle of ginger ale or something soft. It's too warm for a regular drink, and anyhow I'd be afraid of the whisky in a joint like this."

THEY pushed aside the swinging door and stepped into the big bare room. All of the windows were closed and the air was foul and stifling. In the center there was a pool table, over which two oil lamps flickered and sputtered, and dripped oil on the faded cloth. On the right there was a bar, and on the wall back of it two cheap oil paintings covered with bedraggled mosquito net, a long shelf decorated with a few empty bottles, and a cracked and fly-specked mirror. Dirty glasses littered the top of the sloppy bar, the floor looked as if it had not been swept for months, and strips of faded wall paper hung from the discolored walls.

In all ways the place seemed typical of the town. Instinctively, Werden and Hyde turned quickly toward the door, and as they did so Larrabee, the proprietor, slowly arose from a rocking-chair where he had been concealed by the far end of the bar. At the sound of his voice they once more turned back to the room. As well as they could see by the dim light of the oil lamps, the man looked to be at least seventy. He tried to hold his tall, gaunt figure erect, but his heavy shoulders seemed to sag from their own weight, his walk was little better than a shuffle, and the bloodshot eyes and trembling hand proclaimed a hard-spent life.

"Don't run away, gentlemen," he grumbled; "didn't you come to buy?" Both from the manner of his speech and movements it was evident that the old man was more or less befuddled by his own liquor.

"Of course we did," Werden said, "but we didn't see you at first—thought the place was deserted."

"You weren't so far wrong at that," Larrabee chuckled. "It is pretty well-nigh deserted." He ran his clawlike fingers through his long, unkempt beard, shifted his eyes about the dirty, neglected room, shrugged his shoulders, and with a ragged towel proceeded to wipe off the far end of the bar.

"Waiting for the New York train?" he asked.

"Yes," said Werden, "but I hear it's not due for an hour. Could you suggest any way in which we could put in our time? It's too hot to sleep in the car."

"There's moving pictures to-night," Larrabee said—"moving pictures and vaudeville."

WERDEN raised his eyebrows in polite interest.

"And vaudeville?" he repeated.

"Sure, a young couple—Max Mohr and Estelle La Rue—been here all week. Stopped at my hotel, but they're taking the Eastern train to-night. What'll it be, gentlemen?"

"Two bottles of ginger ale," Hyde said. "Are they good performers, this Mohr and his partner?"

Heedless of the order, Larrabee continued to lean heavily on the bar and his eyes blinked at Hyde's ignorance. "Didn't you ever hear of Max Mohr in New York?"

"I don't know very many vaudeville people," Hyde apologized. "What's their act like?"

"Songs and dances, and Max tells some comical stories—dress like Italians. She's a beauty, she is—red-haired and wild as a colt. Beauty and the Beast they call themselves in the advertisements. He's an ugly little runt all right, but both of them can sing. She's the handsomest woman ever stopped at my hotel—the handsomest, I guess, I ever saw, and I'll bet she was a lady once, too. You ought to hear them. But I'll tell you he isn't near so good on the stage as when he plays upstairs here in the parlor for Dolly and me. He's got a voice like an angel. You'll see my girl Dolly, too, if you go to the hall. She sells the tickets. What was it you allowed you'd drink?"

"Ginger ale," said Hyde.

The old man drew his hand across his hard straight mouth. "What's the matter with regular liquor?" he asked. "Fraid of it?"

Hyde glanced at the half-empty bottle standing on the bar surrounded by dirty glasses.

"Yes, a little," he said, and smiled genially at the barkeeper.

Larrabee winked one of his bleary eyes and with much difficulty disappeared under the bar. In a few moments he reappeared with a bottle.

"This is my own special brand. You can always depend on a Virginia gentleman for two things—a good bottle of whisky and a clean shooting iron."

From his hip pocket he pulled out a glistening revolver and laid it solemnly on the bar at the side of the whisky bottle.

"Now will you drink?" he threatened. His voice was husky and his movements most unsteady.

HYDE pushed the revolver across the bar.

"Put your gun up," he said. "I'll drink without that. Besides, I don't like professional Southerners."

The old man stuck the revolver back in his pocket and with his drink-inflamed eyes glowered at Hyde.

"No offense," he said. "You're all right, I guess, but that's more than you can say about some of you Yanks." He looked up at the ceiling, winked significantly, and mumbled: "I know one that'll stand some watching."



"I've turned some dirty tricks in my time, but say, I never knew a girl like this before"

When he had served his customers, Larrabee poured out half a tumbler of whisky for himself and tossed it off as if it had been water. It was evidently an effort to show how a Southern gentleman drank. The two young men said good night and started for the door.

"Going to the vaudeville?" Larrabee called after them.

"Sure," said Werden.

The old man leaned unsteadily against the bar. "Good," he mumbled, "then you can tell my Dolly that I won't be around to get her to-night. Tell her to come right home as soon as the show's over."

THEY found her at the box office window, a pretty blond, frail girl with a wonderful pink and white complexion, and big, round, wistful eyes, innocent as those of a child. She wore a simple white muslin dress with a bow of blue ribbon at her throat. About her neck there was a string of coral beads and in the masses of her golden hair she had placed a wild rose, which gave her quite an air of coquetry. She was a fine example of that truly feminine type still to be found about the piazzas of the fashionable summer resorts in the South, and both Werden and Hyde gave a little gasp of astonishment when they first saw her sitting in the stuffy box office. When Werden told her that her father was not to come for her the girl's pale, Cupid-bow lips broke into a smile which seemed to say that Werden's news was not news at all but an old, old story.

"Thank you," she said in her low, sweet voice; "thank you ever so much." And then as the young men seemed inclined to linger before the box office and to continue the conversation, she added: "You'd better hurry right in. The performance will be over in a few minutes. You'll just be in time to hear Mohr and La Rue do their last turn."

The hall was a dingy, low-ceilinged room, lighted by half a dozen smoking oil lamps. At the far end there was a narrow raised stage and before this a piano. Seated on the rough wooden benches there

were perhaps twenty-five men and boys. When Werden and Hyde took their seats in the rear of the hall, Mohr and La Rue were already on the stage, and, to the accompaniment of the tinkling, ill-tuned piano, were singing the Italian dialect ballad, "My Marietta."

Max Mohr was of a type once popular in the old-time variety halls, but now relegated to moving-picture houses and summer beer gardens.

LIKE most of his kind, he had been born on Hester Street, had learned his dancing steps on street corners, and his comedy methods at the Bowery and the Eighth Avenue burlesque houses. The boy's figure—for, except in his knowledge of crime, he was only a boy—was slight and wiry, even graceful, but his face was that of the smart, knowing Polish Jew, born among the worst class of emigrants, and bred in a district of New York where law and order are only bywords. Unpleasant, almost repulsive, as was his face, there was still left a certain sweetness in his voice and a kind of passionate charm in the daring of his love-making. His confidence in his own ability was abnormal, even for a vaudeville performer of his own low type, and he seemed always to be working

rather to amuse his partner than to interest his audience. To the people on the benches near the stage he paid no heed at all, but both Werden and Hyde noticed that while singing the most impassioned lines of his song he glanced to the back of the room. Instinctively they turned and saw that Dolly Larrabee was standing in the doorway which led from the box office to the interior of the hall.

Hyde gently nudged Werden. "Clifton Junction," he whispered, "seems to be waking up. Do you remember what that old barkeeper Larrabee said about a Yank that would stand watching?"

By way of reply Werden grinned cheerfully, and in the dim light of a neighboring lamp tried to read the little one-sheet program that Miss Larrabee had handed him with the tickets.

"Personally," he said, "I'm most interested in the lady performer with the Zaza-colored hair. Here it is: 'Max Mohr and Estelle La Rue, New York's favorite artists—Beauty and the Beast—in songs and dances.' She's a beauty all right, and she certainly doesn't belong in this kind of a place. I tell you there's real distinction for you, and did you ever see such poise?"

Hyde shook his head. "I can't make it out at all. I've seen a lot of leading soubrettes in musical comedies on Broadway that weren't in her class. She can sing and she can dance—that is, she apparently could if she wanted to—and my! but isn't she good to look at. There's a reason, but it surely can't be that little Polish kid."

TO THE eye of the practised theatregoer, it was evident at a glance that Estelle La Rue had sunk very far below the position to which her ability and beauty entitled her. Even the dress of the Italian street singer she wore, old and frayed as it was, had evidently once cost a great deal of money. Like her partner, she, too, seemed wholly indifferent to the provincial audience, but, unlike him, her performance was altogether listless and evidently but a shadow of what it might have been. When they had



The little crowd about the two runaways remained silent and motionless. Her face, drawn and white, the girl looked slowly about at the circle of dark figures



finished their song and the curtain fell, the small audience clamored loudly for more, but Mohr and La Rue evidently knew that it was their last turn of their last night in Clifton Junction and positively refused to appear again. There was a short series of comic moving pictures and then the audience got up, stretched itself, and wandered slowly out of the dingy, ill-smelling hall into the warm, moonlit night. The two Northerners stopped on the curb, just across the sidewalk in front of the box office, and watched Miss Larrabee take the tin money box from the drawer, lock it, and then put out the lamp. A moment later the girl came out carrying the box under her arm, and, as she passed, nodded and smiled pleasantly at the two young men.

Hyde approached her in his most deferential manner.

"Couldn't we accompany you as far as the hotel?"

he asked. "It seems hardly safe for you to be walking the streets alone with all that money."

The girl stopped and laughingly shook the box to make the few quarters and dimes it contained jingle cheerfully.

"No, thank you," she said; "it's not very heavy, and I've only got to carry it around the corner. Then I must come back and lock up. Good night."

THEY watched her until she had disappeared, and once more found themselves quite alone. The audience had somehow melted into the shadows, and the little town was as silent and deserted as a graveyard at midnight. Werden opened his watch and closed it with a snap.

"It's a good half-hour to train time, and not an adventure in sight. Don't you think as fellow wanderers from the great city we ought to call on Mr.

Max Mohr? Also we might meet the beautiful Estelle La Rue. Even to say 'How are you?' to a lady who looks like that would be an adventure."

"I have no intention of calling on Mr. Max Mohr," Hyde said with some asperity. "We are in a foreign, perhaps a hostile, country, and anyhow I don't believe in butting in where we're not wanted. I am perfectly willing to go back to the hall and wait there for the train or until we are put out, but that's as far as I'll go."

"Good," laughed Werden. "We'll sit down and watch for Miss La Rue. I'd really like to see what she looks like off the stage."

And so in silence they returned to the hall, which was now quite deserted. All of the lamps had been turned out except the one at the left side of the stage just over the piano, and the light from this was so meager that the two young men had considerable

(Continued on page 29)

# The Home Life of Actors

By Virginia Tracy  
Pictures by Armand Both

WHEN anybody asks a question about the home life of actors in a summer stock company, one's first impulse is to say: "He hasn't any!"

But, at the same moment, there spring into the mind all sorts of recollections: hotel corridors with young people running up and down them to each other's rooms, parts flapping in their hands; hot afternoons with the smell of gasoline cleanser enriching the air, with the sewing machine going and piles of raiment, assorted into acts, stacked on the bed; muggy dressing rooms where, after rehearsal, while making up for the matinée, you eat sandwiches instead of the lunch you missed; main streets where people stare and whisper as you pass, and the girls in the shops wake willingly to wait on you; friendly, familiar restaurants where long iced drinks wash the ache and strain and powder out of your throat and set free your tongue to talk the good shop talk that keeps one going; long walks home after the performance, along streets enchanted by the moon of a summer midnight and the memory of an hour when you were king. And then it seems that perhaps under no other circumstances has the actor so much home life, or, at any rate, no home life so much an actor's.

It is understood, of course, what summer stock is—a company of actors resident for the summer season in one town, playing pieces of the last few years, one or, in rare instances, two every week. There are often two performances a day, and in most Western towns this includes Sunday. There are almost never less than three matinées a week, and whether there is a matinée or not there is always a rehearsal.

## The Actor's Working Day

THUS the actor spends practically all day every day, from ten in the morning till eleven-thirty at night, in the theatre; he gets away, certainly, for his dinner (unless he is so unwise as to have it sent in because he is too tired to dress for the street); sometimes he gets off for his lunch and sometimes he does not. He learns his lines at night or gets up early to learn them, according to his nature; if he is a hard "study" he carries them to the table with him and into the trolley car, and stumbles along the streets mumbling and peeping at them in a despair which is generally assumed to be affectation. He is always studying one part while playing another still new to him, and from one end of the season to the other never seems quite to catch up with himself.

The prices of seats for these stock performances are generally what is called, in a kind of cynical ingenuousness, popular prices; that is to say, nothing over seventy-five cents at night or fifty at the matinée. The managers, of course, do not plan to lose on this arrangement. The actors, though they do so many times harder work than in winter, do it for much less, and yet are glad to get it, partly because there is no other work to be had in summer, except a little musical work, and partly because actors are so indescribably weary of wasting their lives for a season or two at a time on a single part that they escape to the variety and development of these hard conditions simply on the run.

Their day goes something like this: Breakfast at nine and rehearsal from ten to one. Half an hour for lunch and rehearsal till four and later; or a matinée for which it takes from half an hour to an hour to dress, and from which one emerges ready for the street long after five. Dinner, dress for the performance itself, and supper. This varies. Sometimes one goes home to sandwiches and beer or lemonade in one's room, studying while one eats; sometimes, on first nights and salary nights, or, if one is constitutionally a grand person, supper comes off at a restaurant, and then generally there has to be a couple of hours' study after one gets home.

Doubtless, the person who could go to bed and

cakes and ale and talk in the hot restaurant where he meets his kind.

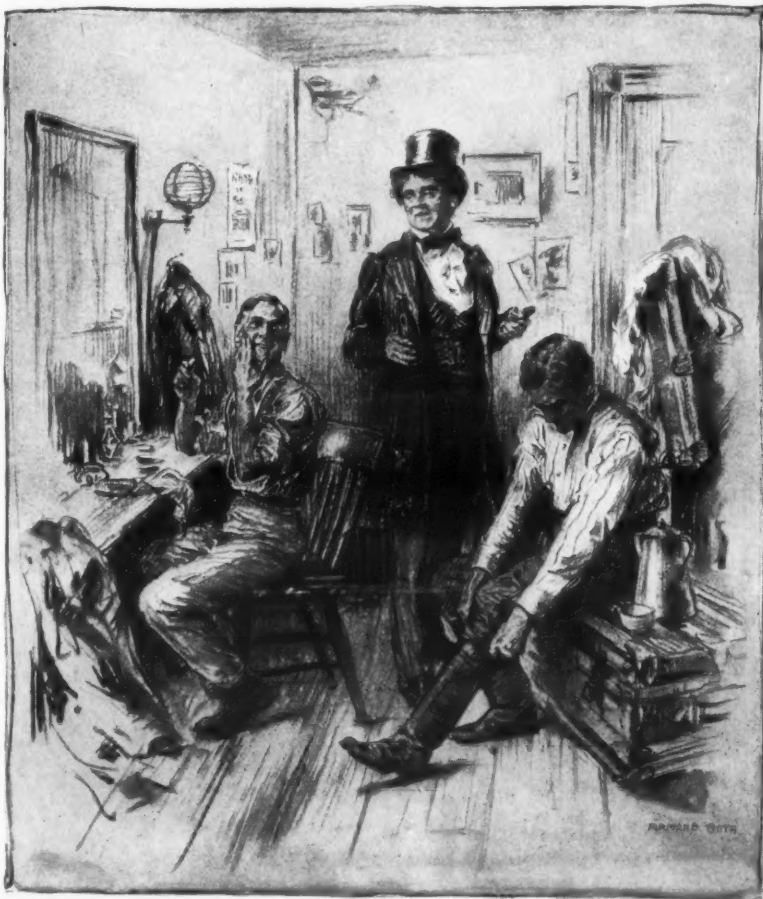
What life he has outside the theater generally centers about some hotel; not, as a rule, the biggest. At that magnificent hostelry stops, perhaps, the leading man or leading woman, and, more certainly, the visiting star. A few people, particularly those with small salaries, scatter to boarding houses. But the main body settles down in the hotel it can best afford, and there it forms a close society. The actors sit with each other in the dining room, they walk to and from their work in little clumps, and when they go to supper at the big hotel they go with each other. They are continually in each other's rooms, lunching—they never do anything without lunching—and hearing each other's lines, and other inhabitants become reconciled to seeing young ladies and gentlemen sallying from each other's doors at one in the morning, dragging, perhaps, a rocking-chair filled with a chafing dish and cracker boxes as they go.

There was once a stock company in Milwaukee whose leading man used to make black coffee for all comers until two o'clock while those dreadful lines were being said and resaid. Promptly at twelve the electric light would go out. The host would be proclaiming: "If you think that I ever felt for her anything less than the deepest, deepest, deepest love and wor—" (darkness, in which he would rise, thank anyone who handed him the matches, and, with the flare of gas, resume)—"ship, you wrong me."

## Ask Her!

ONCE on a hot afternoon through the open windows of a hotel came a girl's voice, mingling with a young man's in a scene of high passion which they shook back and forth until the man's memory came to grief—"But this I do ask you, Marguerite—Marguerite—but this I do ask you—ask you—'What? Oh, yes, twice—I do ask—'thanks, yes.'—But this I do ask you, Marguerite, I do ask you—" and a fraternal voice called from across the court: "Well, ask her, for God's sake, and shut up!"

Somehow these things were fun. They seem to bring with them a stronger sense of the life that actors live than many more important happenings. So does the recollection of the time when a leading man, telegraphed to rush to a Western stock company, refused to go unless his dog could travel with him in the sleeper. There was once a too popular comedian of whom everybody was a trifle jealous until he was dismissed for intemperance, whereupon every man in the company went to the manager and begged to have him back. And once a "heavy" quarreled with his management and left, "in the most blackguardly and unprofessional manner," at an hour's notice; but loaned all his clothes to his successor and missed the train dallying to teach him the business of the part. Slighter even than these little shadings in a portrait is the echo of a voice from a famous modern stock—its visiting star advising a beginner: "My dear, the first thing I say to any young girl going into stock is: 'Provide yourself with a plain white satin dress, and the next most useful thing is a black skirt. It does both for riding habits and mournful parts!'"



While making up for the matinée, you eat sandwiches instead of the lunch you missed

sleep without supper would display a fine economy of time and money, but doubtless he would not go very far as an actor. The performance could never have had much of its way with him, nor the drain on his vitality have left him lead beat and wide awake, languid and excited, as it is his business to be. It is the one time that the stock actor feels himself comparatively free and unburied; and if he can not get an automobile ride through the longed-for cool and dark of those soft summer nights, he will take



The thought of that last company brings with it a legend, typical in its strength and weakness. The young fellow playing its juveniles was a great charmer, a pretty boy with a wild record, who lived amid a siege of creditors and love letters and the scorn of the high-minded. The company worked near a summer resort in the mountains of the West, and one of its members, dying of tuberculosis, lived in a tent near the theatre. And it was the juvenile who made himself almost the household of that sick man.

He spent his spare time cooking and washing dishes and singing the new Broadway songs to a banjo accompaniment. It was he who put up electric lighting in the tent and dug a better trench around it and said what a splendid convenience it would be if G— would let the other fellows stack up a kind of bar there, thus making it the center of social life for the men in the company and for the dying man who had been so lonely. He sent away for a library shelf of popular novels, which he read aloud on hot afternoons after rehearsals when the others were napping or away on horseback, and he said he did not know what he should have done without G— to hear his lines.

#### Heroic Service

THESE things did the wicked butterfly, not spasmodically but faithfully, with the most light-handed gayety, the summer through, in a country of a thousand joys, with heaven knows what debts and duties closing in upon him, till the end.

That young fellow was a celebrity, but, as a rule, the farther you get from New York and the fewer are the metropolitan favorites, the better holds the old tradition of comradeship and service. It is apt to be the obscure company which is the company of better fellows.

Occasionally the material conditions inside the theatre are excellent, but, as a rule, it stands in the heart of the business section with alleys on each side of it. These alleys are generally full of flies and dust and the odor of stale beer from saloon back doors. The stage hands inhabit them—smoking and spitting and building scenery and playing ball with oaths and yells close beside the windows where nervous people are running through their lines as they dress.

Often the theatre has a cool-air apparatus, and on summer nights the side doors are opened, and as the warm air flows in electric fans catch and chill and spread it. But there are no electric fans behind the scenes, except perhaps in the leading woman's dressing room. In a theatre of the Middle West, the steam pipe for some industry in the business part of the building ran through an unventilated room in which two women dressed, and thus added the full strength of its heat to a temperature that stood during nearly a whole week in August at 104 in the shade.

#### The Friendly Rats

THERE was once a theatre so infested with rats that one of them became quite tame—used to steal the comedian's make-up and throw it at him, half eaten, from the top of the mirror where he perched. The ingénue had a room with a hole in the ceiling, and as she stood before her glass in a court presentation dress that had originally cost four hundred dollars a rat jumped through the hole on to her bare shoulders and wended its way down her train. Two of them, during a stock performance of "Moths," even plunked down from the flies on to the stage, striking, one after the other, between Fuchsia Leach and Vera with such promptitude and exactness that the character woman said they must have done it on a dare. Neither of the girls uttered a cry. But the end of all this came when a rat sallied up an aisle of the auditorium and across the feet of the audience. It was curious to hear the shocked comments of the company upon this event. For itself, it had grumbled, but expected no better. But the audience—that sacred presence!

In a theatre played in by one of the best stock companies, under one of the friendliest of managements, is a restaurant, over which are the dressing rooms. It sends its reek up through the floor, which the women, in their satin slippers, sometimes find inconveniently warm to stand on. Upstairs, where the men dress, the plumbing is so out of condition that three young actors complained to the Board of Health, which returned no response. The Fire Commissioners, more active, in their concern for the building across the alley, have put double windows on all the dressing rooms, which open from the top exactly eight inches. They do not carry their pre-

cautions to the extent of having the narrow halls cleared of stage properties—sofas, piles of portières, fir trees, candelabra, trunks of clothes for supers, imitation rosebushes, footstools, grates, rolled carpets.

Men in uniforms, evening clothes, fur coats, and white flannels, women in delicate gloves and stream-



Making their way for quick changes through the prevailing smuts as best they may

ing chiffon ruffles, in satin or lingerie gowns, make their way for quick changes through the prevailing smuts as best they may. Stage-hands in sleeveless undershirts, glistening with sweat and daubed with grime and paint, add the last touch to these infernos of heat and hurry where is lived that life of butterfly irresponsibility that all well-informed people know to be the life of the stage.



Sallying from each other's doors at one in the morning

In the theatre, life is made tolerable or intolerable by the stage manager. It is he who influences the casting of pieces, assigns rooms, calls and directs rehearsals, and rules or does not rule those fiery, untamed spirits, the stage-hands. A practical man with a clear head, a well-controlled but resolved temper,

and a good sense of the value of time, is more desirable in stock than the most luminous and altruistic genius.

He sees that women who have from one to five dresses to prepare in odd minutes of a week have at least a general idea of when they can get to a dressmaker or a shop. If you ask him in what season of the year the last act is or tell him that you won't have time to load the revolver while the comedians are crawling under the table, he is neither facetious nor infuriated. He sees that the carpenters do not hammer during all the rehearsals, and that no more paint than is reasonable is dropped from the paint frame on to people's heads.

But when the stage manager has done his best, the actor is still harried by the two black dogs of stock—learning lines and preparing clothes. The latter, of course, is hardest on the women. Men borrow from each other, so that an ulster or a pair of riding breeches becomes practically communal property.

#### Borrowed Finery

THIS feeling of proprietorship in other people's clothes once came to a climax in the smiling behavior of a young woman who played a leading part at short notice. From the second woman she borrowed, for a dark, firelit scene, a white evening gown, and, to the astonishment of the second woman, carried it off with her in the daytime and had her picture taken in it. "I knew you wouldn't mind, dear," she said, "because the pictures were for the papers. The only thing is, you'll never be able to wear that gown in this city or the people will think I loaned it to you."

As a rule, the personal identity of women's clothes keeps them from helping one another and also from wearing their own dresses twice. A woman can scarcely get through a stock season of twelve weeks with less than twenty dresses. She wears from one to five for each play—say, thirty-six in a season. Of these, perhaps a dozen—antique costumes—may be furnished by the management. There are accidents, and then such messages as that hastily sent from the opening matinée to a visiting relative at the hotel by an actress who always carried trunks full of her own costumes: "Please bring immediately to the theatre my Ophelia white satin slip, Juliet pearl necklace, and Osric gold-brocaded drapery—Peg's coronation dress not come!"

A leading woman generally keeps a maid or seamstress steadily at work, but before she leaves New York she probably buys what gowns she can (second-hand) for from ten to perhaps eighty-five dollars apiece.

One hears of arrangements by which sets of dresses, rented by the week, are sent back and forth. The shops in the town where she goes to play generally allow actresses a small discount, and if she confines herself to one of them, the discount may be considerable. Her less salaried sisters must largely do their own work, and a perfect orgy of cleaning, pressing, and altering goes on all summer. A girl will often go to a strange place, giving up a second season in a town she has liked, because—"I've worn all my wardrobe there."

The social enjoyment the stock actor gets varies enormously with the personal equation.

#### Recreations

THERE are leading people who seem simply to absorb their lines and spend all their off hours in automobiles and golf clubs. There was once a lady who escaped the incessant wardrobe siege by simply borrowing all her dresses from wealthy friends in town. Actors are very strong in the mild amusement of car rides, particularly if the car takes them to a quiet park where they can study their lines out of doors; the elders are glad if they can get off duty for the end of a ball game or even the circus, and the youngster likes to steal an hour after rehearsal for tennis or golf.

In the suburban stocks of the Western parks there are always actors who ride horseback; one can rehearse out of doors there too, play ball between the scenes, and there is a stock company in Maine which plays in an airy theatre whose dressing rooms overhang the beach of Portland Harbor. If one is out of the bill for two acts, one can get in a swim and turn up happy with damp hair for the last act.

One hears from unimpeachable authority of managements which never rehearse after two o'clock so that their companies may take tea and make friends among the residents. No such instance has, however, come under the personal observation of this chronicler. If the practice would be pleasant enough, the theory lies too close to something very unpleasant

(Continued on page 26)



# The Fluttering Face



And finally, by day, remembrance garbled the long additions in his ledgers

HE WAS a mild-mannered bachelor of forty, neither gay nor knowing, rather slow, indeed—a bookkeeper, a boarding-house dweller, a stranger in the city after two decades of sojourn there. During all that time he had read the same newspaper, inhabited the same room, felt every evening the same listlessness.

Thus he came to frequent moving-picture shows.

The theatre grew dark; a piano uttered vague improvisations; on the white screen appeared a homely farce, a touching idyl, a costume-piece full of sword-play, exaggerated attitudes, hair-breadth escapes down castle walls. He enjoyed those pantomimes, for him all livelier, tenderer, and more romantic than reality. He became a connoisseur of films.

Soon he learned to recognize, under various disguises, many of the actors.

SOME returned so often, amid all sorts of settings, that he had at last a friendly feeling for them.

One he regarded with an ever-growing sympathy. When she appeared he felt immediately a tranquil satisfaction.

She was young, slight, delicate, with a form so pliant that all the attitudes of rapture and despair were equally at her command, and with a face so sensitive that every mimic thought attained thereon profound expression. Her hands were sometimes no less tragic than her mouth; her eyes, at sudden ecstasies, convincingly prefaced her smile.

To him she seemed, in beauty, sensibility, and talent, different from all the rest. He wondered why she was not a star on Broadway. Walking home, he concerned himself occasionally with the thought of that injustice.

There was no rôle, he felt, to which she could not lend a beauty in excess of its desserts. The crudest dramatic situations gained distinction from her presence in them. Whenever she portrayed, perforce, the rich depravity of medieval chateaux or powdered marchionesses, straightway depravity became excusable.

EVEN while she was helping a troubadour in through the chamber window, or adding poison to a jeweled cup, or turning a deaf ear to innocence in peril of the block, he knew that she herself was kind and good. But the scenes which left her free to imitate her own true attributes delighted him. To enjoy some of these again, he kept his seat till the whole program was repeated.

He was fondest of a garden vista, dappled everywhere with light, a long alley of clipped foliage receding, beneath a mass of foliage, in obscure perspective. Midway of this alley, suddenly one saw her slender figure, clothed in white, approach-

By Stephen French Whitman  
Pictures by M.L. Blumenthal

ing. Sunshine, drained through the leaves, flickered over her with a thousand momentary touches; now her face grew clear; her blond hair became an aureole; she emerged into the full brilliancy of noon amid a mass of roses. Her lips parted. Looking around, she searched the shadows of the theatre. Motionless, he sat waiting. And their eyes met.

SOON, on nights when she did not appear, he found himself distraught. But the same programs were offered in rotation by theatres throughout the city. So he could see her somewhere nearly every night. And finally, by day, remembrance garbled the long additions in his ledgers.

He was in love, this hitherto prosaic bachelor whose back was bent by desk work and whose hair was turning gray. All the ennui of a humdrum life, all the sentimental abstinence of twenty years, now found relief in such a fascination. No longer young, he brought to this romance the idealism of a boy. The dim theatre became a sanctuary, and that luminous white screen the threshold of a shrine.

One morning—it was the first unequivocal spring day—a thrill ran through him at the thought:

"A man might even meet her."

What! To meet her? To hear her voice? To know the reality after so much watching of the shadow?

He drafted and tore up a score of humble letters to her, passed and repassed the moving-picture agency which furnished films to all the theatres, and wended homeward in despair at his timidity. Time passed, and he had not even learned her name. Then for three weeks no square white screen in town displayed her face!

It was that which put an end to indecision.

He made his inquiry, at last, on a beautiful spring afternoon.

The breeze was freighted with a faint, far-traveled sweetness. The sun was declining toward a gorgeous setting. The utilitarian towers of the city were already half transfigured by that nameless charm with which the mind, renewed in welcoming the year's most precious season, may invest the well-known and the commonplace. At such an hour his errand did not seem preposterous.

IN THE superintendent's office, he perceived straightway on the wall her photograph among a dozen others.

"Would you mind giving me that lady's name?"

"Miss —."

Joy made him dizzy.

"Not married?"

The superintendent, staring up at this decent-looking man in sober garb, replied:

"Poor girl! She died a month ago."

He found himself in the street. Alas, the duplicity of nature! For the whole sky was spread with gold and scarlet, and the tall buildings seemed like rosy edifices of enchantment set with countless jewels.

A while longer he haunted moving-picture shows. At rare intervals there still flashed forth on the screen her face. Her smile appeared, her slight body was revealed in motion, all her beloved person seemed alive. He stayed till midnight. Suddenly the lights sprang up; the piano jangled with a lively march; the spectators found their feet. He went out blinded by his tears.

A TIME came when those last films were put away.

He continued reading the same newspaper, inhabiting the same room, bending over ledgers, growing gray. But of evenings he locked his door, stretched a white cloth against one wall, and brought from the closet a small kinetoscope. Putting out the lights, he took his seat by that machine.

Down a long alley of clipped box he saw her coming. Presently her face grew clear. The sunshine covered her. Emerging amid roses, slowly she searched the shadows of the room. And then—her eyes met his, as if in a mysterious promise.



And then—her eyes met his, as if in a mysterious promise

# The Failure of Our Younger Dramatists

**T**HE theatrical season of 1911-12 has opened in New York with an assorted collection of new plays, most of them conspicuous for their unimportance. A large majority of them are of native authorship. The two or three which are conspicuous for true merit, however, are foreign work. Even Mr. Cohan would find it a little difficult to be patriotic on Broadway just now. It would be interesting to discover, if possible, the reasons for this.

The American dramatist is certainly not suffering at present from lack of a hearing. "Anybody with a halfway decent play and a knowledge of the ropes can get his work produced in the American theatre to-day," said a dramatist recently. He was probably right. New York is as full of theatres, half of them built in the last decade, as Portland, Maine, of drug stores. These theatres must be kept open; they must have plays. The demand is large. But the supply, not of plays, but of good plays, is limited. It is always limited, in any country at any time. Consequently, a great many poor plays are finding their way to our stage, where, no doubt, they benefit the author by giving him experience, but where they benefit nobody else. The New York theatre to-day has a certain similarity to a college course in the drama. But, since most of us are not pedagogues, the public does not particularly care to pay \$2 a seat to furnish an experimental audience. Hence the failure this fall of so many new dramas.

In several conspicuous instances the new dramas which have failed, too, have failed not alone because they were experimental in technique, but also because their authors appear to be deficient in the literary instinct, or to lack respect for the literary basis of the drama. Perhaps we can make this clear by a comparison of the successful foreign work with the unsuccessful native.

## A Leading Success

**O**F THE new dramas, the most satisfactory, as it has reached the stage in New York, is Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli" at Wallack's, acted by George Arliss. Its great merit, of course, is the fitting frame it provides for Mr. Arliss's portrait of the famous statesman. If an actor is skilled enough to paint a great portrait, he does not always need a fine frame to make it interesting. Witness Mansfield's Beau Brummell, which was set in a preposterous play. But a character portrait is always better for a good play, and in "Disraeli" Mr. Parker has sought, with some pardonable departures from history, of course, to tell an interesting story with "Dizzy" as the leading actor. He has taken the purchase of the Suez Canal as his narrative theme, and placed Disraeli amid many difficulties, letting us glimpse the essential qualities of the man through his methods of overcoming these difficulties.

Now, a play about the Prime Minister of England, to seem plausible, must be carefully written. To create the atmosphere of his life and surroundings it is not alone necessary to have an actor of great authority for the leading part; it is also necessary to have the language spoken by all the characters in keeping with the time and the place. When we speak of the literary instinct in drama, we mean among other things the instinct to write dialogue which is more than merely comic or epigrammatic, which is truly natural to the characters speaking and illuminative of them. It would be an easy matter in a play about Disraeli to put into the mouth of that character epigrams culled from his actual printed works, or contemporary records of his remarks. But it is quite a different matter to prepare for them by the speech of the other characters, to make those epigrams fit into the scene with the air of spontaneity, and appear to belong to the intercourse of distinguished men and women. When Mr. Arliss emits them with glittering ease on the stage, he deserves the admiration accorded him, of course; but Mr. Parker deserves admiration, too. Mr. Arliss could never make "Dizzy" seem the vivid, brilliant, charming, Heine-like old fox he does had Mr. Parker surrounded him with impossible puppets of the stage. Mr. Parker has the literary instinct to strive for a recreation of life, not the construction of a mere theatrical machine. That is why, with Mr. Arliss's vivid, resourceful, and commanding acting, "Disraeli" is a leading success of the opening season.

By way of contrast, let us consider "The Woman," written by William de Mille and produced by David Belasco. There is no literary instinct apparent in this play; it is sheer theatricalism; and hence, in spite of Mr. Belasco's staging, it is quite unimportant. The scene is Washington, the time to-day, the theme the contest between a gang of old-line grafters

By Walter Prichard Eaton

in Congress and an Insurgent for the passage or defeat of an iniquitous grab bill. The grafters aim to shatter the influence of the Insurgent leader by disclosing an illicit love episode of his past with a woman whose name they have yet to learn. The woman turns out to be the daughter of the chief grafter and the wife of his lieutenant. Consequently the bill is defeated!

Obviously, the long arm of coincidence is in need of osteopathic treatment after this violent wrench; but even so the play might be important were its emphasis thrown not on this strained and improbable theatrical story, but on the mental state of the Insurgent, torn between his instinctive chivalric desire to shield the woman by silence—an instinct born of centuries of romantic idealism—and his larger passion for the principles of social justice, which demand the defeat of the bill. But this contest in the Insurgent's mind, fraught with true comment on modern society, is only a passing minor episode of the play.



Madame Simone

The French actress who is playing in this country in English supported by an American company. Her repertoire includes: "The Lady of Dreams," by Rostand, which Madame Bernhardt is playing in Paris; "The Thief," and "The Whirlwind," by Henri Bernstein

The Insurgent is not truly studied; the grafters are not truly studied; the much-talked-of bill is obviously one which could never have been seriously debated in the most corrupt of Congresses; the methods of the Congressional villains are almost grotesque in their exaggerations. The realism of the play is entirely of Mr. Belasco's creation, and utterly superficial. It consists of natural acting, "real" telephone switchboards, the passage of bell boys through the hotel corridors, and the like.

## A Dressed-Up Story

**W**E SAY the play displays no literary instinct because it does not attempt to study men and women truthfully; to get at the Insurgent or the "Standpat" principles (in spite of some clever monologues on graft by the chief grafter); to throw genuine light on modern conditions in our American Government; to paint a true picture of Washington; but aims solely to tell a theatrically exciting story—which can hardly excite any intelligent spectator who keeps in mind its fundamental absurdities. It is because Mr. Belasco's great gifts as a stage manager have so often been applied to dressing up such a story in the outer garments of truth, instead of dressing truth itself, that he has rightly earned for himself in many quarters the suspicion of charlatanism.

Another striking example of the value of the literary instinct in drama—the instinct, that is, for something more than "situations," which so many of our managers and authors seem to regard as the whole of the law and the profits—is furnished by Haddon Chambers's comedy, "Passers-by," in comparison, say, with "Thy Neighbor's Wife," or any of several other new native plays. "Passers-by" is undoubtedly too sentimental for some palates, and in an effort to tone down the sentimentality we fear that the American producers, lacking actors and actresses skilled in suggesting emotion quietly, have sacrificed too much of the emotional appeal of the play. But enough remains to illustrate our point.

In "Passers-by" we learn the story of a dilettante young Englishman of wealth and breeding. The scene is his chambers on a foggy night. Out of the fog and the dark drift, by various courses, an old cab driver, a street tramp (Samuel Burns by name), and finally a girl, whom the young Englishman recognizes as a former flame of his when youth burned hot and she was a governess in his stepfather's house. We see that the girl still loves him; we suspect that he has not wholly forgotten his love for her, though now he is engaged to a girl, as the English would say, "of his own class." Then one learns that the governess has borne him a son. The little fellow is brought to his rooms. The father, awed, embarrassed, stung into the first profound seriousness of his life, perhaps, confronts his child. The scene is tender and significant.

Of course, the father is between two duties, to the mother of this boy, and to his later fiancée. The problem is finally solved by the fiancée herself, who with rather too much heroism, perhaps, puts him in the arms of the governess.

## A Whimsical Tramp

**T**HIS tale sounds bald enough in the skeleton narration. What touches it into literature is the humanness of the characters, and above all the almost poetic study of the London street tramp, Samuel Burns, who doesn't work because "work's for workmen, mister." Burns is a childlike, pathetic creature, a sufferer from arrested development, the offspring of neglect and crime. He makes fun in the drama because he so keenly represents the oddities of his class; he accepts gifts so without gratitude; he resents so wailfully having "the barber put on him"; he regards work with such scorn. But he is not put into the drama chiefly to make fun. He is put there to show what may happen when children are born of thoughtlessness or crime and abandoned to the mercies of the streets. And it is poor, shifty Samuel Burns to whom the little boy runs on sight, after his father has been unable to make him smile, the nameless lad greeting the child-like tramp with a shout of glee. When the two meet, we can fancy the shock of pity and horror in the father, as his dull British imagination is roused to action. We can read into the scene a symbol, which touches the play as with a grace of poetry, gives it distinction and charm.

But when we turn to "Thy Neighbor's Wife," we find the American play entirely a matter of rather mechanically arranged situations. Neither the two dissatisfied husbands who exchange their wives for a week, nor the two wives who pretend to consent to the exchange, have human qualities of their own; we have to take the author's word for what they are. No literary instinct is displayed in their creation, because they do not disclose their characters in action; they merely talk about each other. There is no emotional feeling aroused for them; their exchange of partners does not arise from any real passion; therefore it seems quite inhuman, the play creates no illusion of life and fails to interest the audience.

Again we may contrast "Passers-by" with a new American work by A. E. Thomas, "What the Doctor Ordered"; and again we find that the literary instinct, in another of its phases, is a prime requisite for playwriting. Mr. Thomas's comedy has many merits. His dialogue is natural and characteristic of his people. It gives the effect of wit and sparkle without resort to epigram, because the funny things his characters say arise naturally from the situations. So far he has displayed true literary instinct. Where his instinct has failed him is in the matter of a consistent form or tone for his play.

The first act is excellent. Granted a young wife and husband each with a hot temper and a mulish disposition, but at heart a nice young person, and you see a trivial dispute gathering into a pretty serious quarrel, which culminates with a liberal destruction of china. The second act shows that the



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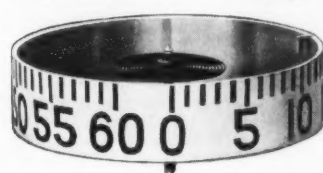
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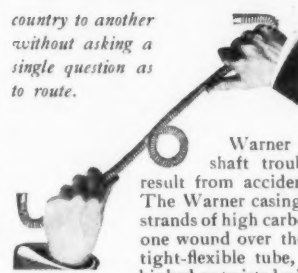
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couple are not on speaking terms. They communicate with each other by means of the baby's blackboard.

The play descends rapidly to sheer farce. But the author does not desire to write a farce, or, at any rate, a farce unredeemed by sentiment. He tries to pull his play back upon a more serious level by a sudden scene of dramatic import; but it is too late. His audience has sunk into a farcical mood, and the play is lost. We seem to see here a pretty good example of the danger which besets the playwright of letting his desire for stage situations, for momentary effectiveness, run away with his loving interest in his characters as human beings. In Mr. Thomas's case we think that his actors were in some measure to blame for his failure, and from his earlier play, "Her Husband's Wife," we are confident that he will give our stage many capital plays in the future. For a man of intelligence a failure is sometimes of more help than a success.

"Disraeli" succeeds because it has both literary distinction—truth and charm of character and speech and episode—and the dramatic structure to display them properly in the theatre. "Passers-by" succeeds for the same reason. Beside these foreign works, which, after all, are not remarkable plays, merely good, capable, careful work, too much of our native product this autumn has seemed amateurish and bungling.

There is meat in "Disraeli" with Arliss in the cast. There is poetry in "The Blue Bird," seen again in New York this fall, with renewed delight. There is a story full of sentiment in "Passers-by" or "The Great Name," now current at the Lyric, with Henry Kolker painting a first-rate character picture of an excitable musician with a tender heart, a regular German sentimental heart, in spite of Mr. Kolker's occasional Yiddish accent.

There was profound intellectual poise and a great passionate plea for social justice in Galsworthy's "Strife"; and there will be full-bodied and sharp-tongued satire in Shaw's new comedy, soon to be seen here, "Fanny's First Play." Our own Augustus Thomas succeeds because he packs his plays with food for thought,

even if it is occasionally a somewhat ill-assorted diet, and "As a Man Thinks" remains this autumn to mock the failure of newer dramas. One of the latest of the new offerings, Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For," at the Playhouse, promises also to distance its rivals because it has body, fullness of humor, largeness (if considerable crudeness) of idea. Incidentally, it has a capital character actor in the cast, named Frank Craven. Solidity of idea also characterizes Joseph Patterson's "Rebellion," at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Whether we agree with him or not, at least Mr. Patterson is one young playwright who has something to say, and is not afraid to say it—even to shout it. His plays are sincere, and never puny. Consequently he wins deserved attention.

Beside these plays and their kind, the intellectual or dramatic poverty of much of our current drama is only too apparent, and never more so, perhaps, than now, at the opening of the new season.

We think it in part due, just as the immaturity of technique is due, to the overproduction of plays, forcing before the public the work of men not yet prepared. We think it is in part due, also, to the fact that the new demand for native plays, which has been growing steadily in the past decade, has not been in operation long enough to breed a corresponding understanding of the art of the theatre, and a corresponding respect for the true literary basis of the drama, which includes, of course, a respect for dignity of subject and beauty of treatment. Men ill-equipped, young and untrained writers of all kinds, are rushing into the playhouse to make a bid for fame and fortune now the tide has turned toward native plays. They find no tradition in that playhouse to guide them, and few enough managers competent to lend a shaping hand. They have got to work out their own salvation. We are confident that the best of them will. They will work it out through their discovery that for success in the theatre no idea can be too large, no labor too hard, no observation of life too close, no understanding of human passions and follies and heroisms too deep or tender.

## The Coming of the Irish Players

(Concluded from page 15)

not be played. At Liverpool a priest had got up an entertainment, and they did not like one of the plays and hooted, and the priest appeared and apologized and said he would remove the piece they objected to. In Dublin Mr. Martin Harvey, an old favorite, had been forced to take off a little play because it dealt with Irish belief in witchcraft. The widow of a writer of Irish plays that had been fairly popular was picketed through Ireland with her company, was nearly ruined—no one being allowed to enter the doors—and finally at, I think, Athlone was only allowed to produce a play after it had been cut and rearranged by a committee improvised from the shopkeepers of the town.

If we had been obliged to give in to the dictation of any organized group we should of necessity have closed the theatre. I respected the objections of those among that group who were sincere. They, not used to works of imagination and wild fantasy, thought the play a libel on the Irish peasant, who has not put parrieide upon his list of virtues; they thought the language too violent or it might be profane. There was no room for argument; they had their principles, we had ours, both to be respected. The methods were another thing: when the tin trumpets were blown and brandished we had to use the same loud methods and call in the police. We lost some of our audience by the fight; the pit was weak for a while, but one after another said: "There is no other theatre to go to," and came back. The stalls, curiously, who appeared to approve of our stand, were shy of us for a long time; they got an idea we were fond of noise and quarrels. That was our second battle, and at the end of the week we had won it.

We were accused for a while of burying the work of young authors, of giving it no chance to be seen. No one knew all the time how Mr. Yeats and I, and for a while Mr. Synge, read and reread play after play, hoping to find something possible to produce. We had already some known writers, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Colum, but in these last few years young men who had not written at all until they saw our company play began to send us good drama—Mr. Robinson, our present manager; Mr. Murray, a national schoolmaster; Mr. Fitzmaurice, Mr. Ray, Mr. Irvine, son of a Belfast workingman. They have all written with power in a rather harsh and realistic way, and are still at the beginning of their work, as we think. If it were only to develop this genius for drama in the young generation, I think our theatre has justified its existence.

As to myself, as time went on, I began to choose and criticize and advise on plays, and to stage-manage and produce and organize, because there was no one else to do it at the moment. And at last, for the same reason, to write.

The plays I cared most for wanted comedy after them to relieve the tension of listening to closely packed verse. I began by writing scenarios for one friend and dialogue for another, and then I wrote my own "Seven Short Plays," and some longer ones, historical for the most part, according to the folk history I take as authority. As the young authors write more and more of the tragic side of life, my little comedies are put on more and more to balance them, and then people say, or are said to say: "Too much Lady Gregory." But it cannot be helped yet a while till some of our youngsters grow old enough to allow themselves to laugh.

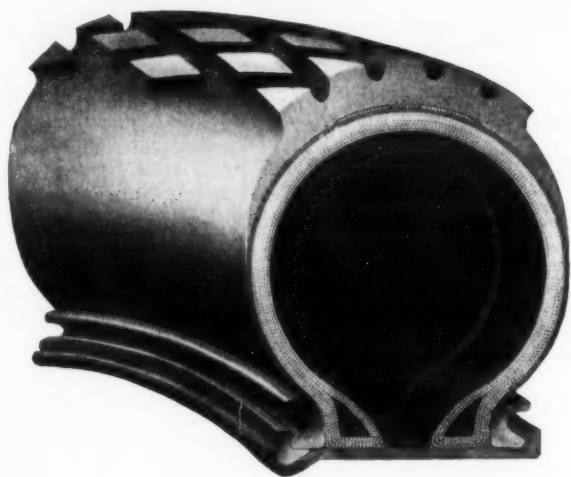
Our latest battle was with Dublin Castle and the official world. Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "Blanco Posnet," was refused by the censor. We thought this hypocrisy, for we remembered many offensive plays that had been passed and guaranteed, and we saw this to be a profoundly moral and religious one. Mr. Yeats and I put the play into rehearsal and announced it for the week of the Horse Show. Then the officers of the Crown began to rumble and mutter, and then they threatened to use "all the power of the law" against us if we put on the play. At the last we were threatened not only with the loss of the patent but with the infliction of a fine so heavy that it would sweep away the little sum of money we had saved, and with which we might have made provision for our players till they had found other work.

That evening, for the first time, we hesitated. We were at rehearsal, and we felt we had taken our people from their other work and ought not to endanger their future. But later we decided that we had given our word, that at all risks we must keep it or we should never be trusted again—that we must in no case go back. We put on the play at the date announced. There was an immense audience. At the end, there was a tremendous burst of cheering, and the cause was won. There was a large crowd outside the theatre. Some stranger asked what was going on inside. "They are defying the Lord Lieutenant," was the answer. When the applause inside was heard, the crowd took up the cheering, and it went through the street. That was our most amusing battle, and I hope, though I would not dare prophesy, it may be our last.



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base over the flange. You can remove it, however, like any quick-detachable tire.

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## The Home Life of Actors

(Continued from page 20)

indeed. One hardly undertakes to work up business by one's private charms. And yet it is certain that no management likes its young people to be married, fearing the public will find them less interesting.

Where touch with the community is so close and the result of favor and prejudice so immediate, it would take a heroic management, indeed, to run counter to its public's inclination. The attitude of the town to the stock company is a wonderful and fearful thing. Presumably, it must have other things to think of than that company, yet it gives little indication of this. It looks upon the actors as its very own, judges a newcomer suspiciously, resents the casting of a favorite for a bad part as if it had been personally trifled with, and is as generously, exuberantly proud of a brilliant performance as if it had given it itself.

### The Letter Writers

IT writes to the management telling what pieces it wants played and what people it wishes to see in certain parts; writes to the actor that his new haircut is unbecoming or that he was seen eating ice-cream on Friday with an elderly lady, and will he decide a bet by saying that it was his mother? However cold the world and indifferent Broadway, here at least he is a marked man. If he is the humblest of the company, his passage along the street is conspicuous; the popular people move over in triumphant progress.

There is no statement which can exaggerate, there is no exaggeration which can express, the futility and persistence and monotony-in-variety of these notes as they pour in, not so much nowadays upon the leading woman as upon the leading man. Except perhaps in musical comedy, actresses need no longer have their lives made miserable by indiscreet attentions. But where men have learned good manners, women, to whom legitimate methods of acquaintance are so much less open, will stop, literally, at nothing. They write, they telephone incessantly, they stop their favorites on the street, they wait in motor cars outside the stage door, they come to call.

They send jewelry and flowers and candy, or boutonnières, which they ask the actor to wear as a signal that he is not married, or that he will meet them after the performance; they get their husbands to invite him to dinner; if the door into the auditorium is not kept locked, they burst through it after their box parties and intercept him on his way to his room. Against this tide he must keep his respect for women as best he may, and with as little priggishness. Whether he rejects these attentions or accepts them, he equally fails to please the outsider who could deal with them so much better if it were he who got them.

Once this silly business is set aside, there remains much that is pleasant and charming, and that comes back to him gratefully in less cordial days. The whole atmosphere is one of the kindest and friendliest welcome. People ask these strangers into their homes and put them up at their clubs. They make parties which are crowned by the presence of the theatrical guest or withered by his absence.

### The Charm of Gracious Things

HE does not need his manager's approval to point the dearth of these associations, and he could not be an artist at all if he were not highly sensitive to the charm of gracious things—to tea on the lawn under the shade of immemorial elms, to the flight of a motor away from the theatre's reek and noise into fresh, deep shade, to the sheen of a dinner table with its glimmer of crystal and silver, of candles and flowers. He will take all of these things that he may, but, after all, he has not time to take many.

For, when all is said, while the sweetest flowers are thrown, the most genial hand-clasp bids him come in, he knows he is a fêted traveler in an enemy's country. Does he see any signs of this nowadays? No. And they don't burn witches in Salem now; yet the most petted witch might wish to have her broomstick near, in Salem. We all know the old story of Eugene Field in England, and how when an amiable and illustrious lady said to him, "Oh, Mr. Field, I do so wish you would tell me something about the habits of Americans!" he responded, "Well, madam, when they caught me, I was up a tree!" And an actor knows well enough that at the bottom of the hearts best disposed toward him there is a little unconscious tendency to regard him as something lately caught, with habits "probably arboreal." Surrounded by the warmest kindness, flattered, solicited, hung upon, he yet senses very well, too, the

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But there are too many interesting things about Bakersfield to ask any editor to publish them free, so we are paying out good money for this space to tell you more about Bakersfield, California.

In the first place, it is on the direct route of the Southern Pacific Railroad in California and has the advantage of that superior service.

Bakersfield is in Kern county, in the San Joaquin valley, with a population of somewhere around 15,000 people, and is spread out over approximately six square miles of land, every foot of which is the finest of garden soil, and on every foot of which water for irrigation (as well as for domestic purposes) may be had at a very low rate.

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Here even the earth is kind, and the sun shines 273 days in the year. A workman can work and draw pay 313 days in the year.

You people in the East, who are huddled together in small apartments and merely existing, make some further inquiries about Bakersfield, California, in the San Joaquin valley, on the line of the Southern Pacific. You will find that there are chances here, no matter what your occupation—that there is employment and good wages and a good home for every man and woman who is willing to work; there are schools for your children and churches of every denomination.

If you want further information, write to the Chamber of Commerce at Bakersfield, California, or ask any Southern Pacific ticket agent, or the ticket agent of any railroad. He will be glad to route your tickets.

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undercurrent of prejudice which reveals itself in a flash some day in an opinion or question of the civilist host.

One of the most popular young comedians kept receiving pressing invitations to dinner from the wife and daughters of a well-known physician in the town near the summer garden where the company played. There were other families with which he was on more intimate terms, and to dine out is particularly difficult to the actor, who must get away early to dress for the theatre. But at last an appointment was made, and then the friend who had introduced him said to a friend of the actor: "For heaven's sake, don't let — break his engagement, for it's the last week the girls can have him; their father'll be home next week, and they'd never dare let him know!"

That was an engagement that was never kept. But, none the less, in the hospitable and charming homes where he visits happily enough, does an actor realize himself for an invader who has conquered just as much of the ground as he himself can stand upon.

### A Man From Home

SOMETIMES, at the big hotel, he will spy another actor passing through town or playing a night or two at another theatre. It may be that on Broadway he never cared for that actor, but here he simply rises at him; here, in the heart of Africa, he salutes a face from home. And this class-consciousness is good for him, as anything is good for him which fixes his attention upon the fact that he is an actor, and not that he is a "perfect gentleman and just as nice as anybody."

Even the old days of his ostracism would be better for him than a conventionality which threatens to become embarrassed at doing anything really so unusual as Hamlet.

None the less does the town itself remain the dear and very spot where she first played *Rosalind* or he stuck dead in *Armand Duval*. For though there are as many mature actors in stock as there are young ones, it is somehow the latter who seem the more characteristic of that temporary phase. It is mostly the youngsters who say: In that theatre and none other did I take my first call; in that shop did I find at last the fan for *Lady Windermere*; under that tree before the City Hall did I stand and wait for the car after that dreadful rehearsal when I took counsel of discretion and didn't give in my notice; there is the lunch room where Bob and Fanny and I used to go running for sandwiches before Fanny left the stage and Bob went stalling; on that bank beside the park's most placid lake did I despair of learning the lines of *Strongheart*; and that street was the street out of all the world that I walked home by after the opening night of *Juliet*, when I felt for the first time the sweet new touch of laurel on my brows!

Afterward that town cannot be quite the same as any other town. It is hard for the actor to realize that to that town he is only a passing incident. He forgets that last summer there was another company and there will be another the next; that the smiles and tears which nourished his talent into blossom will start for some one else.

To these young people it seems almost indecent that they must tell themselves that others will sit with parts in their hands, whispering the secrets of "Trilby" and "Sherlock Holmes" into sympathetic ponds; others walk with the step of triumph along the homeward road, while into the trees that drooped to our most precious confidence, the Camille and Candida that we thought our own, our *Cigarette* and *Babby the Egyptian*, our *Raffles* and our *Sydney Carton*, our *Rassendyl* and *Romeo*, with other lips and other hearts their tale of love shall tell.

### The Reward

WHETHER he succeeds or fails, whether he looks back upon his stock experience as the only real appreciation that he has ever had or as the first flight that strengthened his wings, yet from his seasons of one-night stands or from the hits that imprison him in one part for three years at a time, the actor's eye will light on things he will wish never to forget; on many hard and happy memories, on innumerable kindnesses, on jolly working comradeship and lovely hours stolen out of doors, on stress and strain and imposition, heat and discomfort, ill-luck and opportunity, and the adorable variety of work that takes one's strength and heart. All of them blend into something good. They come back to him out of the distance, as a girl's face may come, in an aspect now wholly kind; they will speak to him, if of nothing else, of the light that never stays on sea or land, and the brave days when he was twenty-one.



"It feels so good and wears so well!"

IT'S great—that *Velvetrib* feeling. *Velvetrib* is a caress, a luxury, and a comfort to the body. No other underwear in the world feels so good or wears so well.

*Velvetrib* fits like your own skin—and is just as soft. Its velvety softness gives grateful warmth—its springy elasticity gives glove-like fit, with no binding or bagging anywhere.

If you want a warm winter underwear, that is as comfortable as your summer weights, go to your dealer and ask for

## Velvetrib Oneita Knit UNDERWEAR

*Velvetrib* fabric is made of two layers closely interwoven. This construction permits of great warmth without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric.

It is alike on both sides and possesses the softness of fleeced-lined underwear without its fuzziness or rigidity. By actual test *Velvetrib* Fabric shows 80 to 100% more tensile strength than any other underwear fabric of equal weight.

And *Velvetrib* Underwear is made as strong as its fabric. Seams are double lock-stitched. Parts where strain and wear come are taped and reinforced.

A *Velvetrib* garment has no weak spots. There are at least two seasons' wear in *Velvetrib* Underwear.

### Velvetrib is Guaranteed

to give satisfactory service in every respect without irritation to the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back.

*Velvetrib* is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn. In medium and heavy weights for men and boys.

Men's	Separate Garments, \$1
	Union Suits . . . \$2
Boys'	Separate Garments, 50c
	Union Suits . . . \$1

*Velvetrib* Union Suits are Perfection in fit and comfort.

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet, sample of fabric, and see that you are supplied.

Oneita Knitting Mills, Mill 54, Utica, N. Y.

Makers of famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita-Knit Underwear.

# The Average Man's Money

## A Page for Investors

### The Investor's Arithmetic

ONE thousand dollars invested in a safe bond paying five per cent will amount to \$2,684 in twenty years if the interest is saved and compounded. One thousand dollars will represent simple interest, and \$684 interest on the interest.

### Canadian Bonds

FOR a big country as yet very thinly peopled, Canada is able to market her securities on a surprisingly favorable basis. Of course, being an English colony helps Canada's credit; yet, after all, what matters the imperial greatness of the Empire to the holder of a 5 per cent debenture of the Municipality of Burnaby, British Columbia? The value and security of that bond must depend finally upon the good faith and solvency of Burnaby. From a recent circular issued by a firm of security dealers of Toronto and London, England, these typical municipal and school district debentures are selected. The yield varies from 3.90 per cent to 5.50 per cent—surely Canada is no bargain-hunter's field so far as this class of securities is concerned:

	Population	Yield
Province of Ontario 3½s, due 1926-41.....		3.90
City of Toronto 4s, due 1920 and 1929.....	375,000	4.00
City of Montreal (Protestant schools) 4s, due 1939.....	500,000	4.03
City of Hamilton 4s, due 1929.....	73,542	4.06
City of Vancouver 4s, due 1951.....	100,000	4.00
City of London (Ontario) 4s, due 1939 and 1940.....	46,727	4.12
City of Guelph 4½s, due 1921.....	15,107	4.30
Town of Berlin 4½s, due 1912-31.....	14,600	4.50
Town of Renfrew 4½s, due 1931-36.....	3,700	4.70
Town of Taber 5s, due 1912-21.....	3,000	5.50
County of Simcoe 5s and 4½s, due 1911 to 1940.....	81,593	4.50
Calgary School District 4½s, due 1915 to 1949.....	55,000	4.50
Edmonton School District 4½s, due 1917 to 1951.....	28,000	4.50
Lethbridge School District 5s, due 1912 to 1940.....	15,000	4.62
Strathcona School District 5s, due 1911 to 1940.....	7,500	4.75
Municipality of St. Paul 5s, due 1931.....	520	4.70
Municipality of Burnaby 5s, due 1959.....	10,000	4.62

### An "Umbrella Fund"

#### By ONE WHO ESTABLISHED IT

ABOUT twenty years ago the only assets possessed by my sister and myself were youth, health, and a fair education. To-day, while we are still in the early forties, we are living in our own house, upon an "income that comes in," as Stevenson says.

I began as a stenographer, while my sister taught school; and, though our salaries were not large, we at once began setting aside a small sum each month as an "umbrella fund," as we called it, for possible rainy weather.

We were fortunate in having a friend in the real estate business in whose judgment and integrity we could place implicit confidence, and he offered to make loans for us in the form of first mortgages on unimproved real estate in and adjoining the city at 10 per cent per annum, all commissions to be paid by the borrower. We placed in his hands all we were able to save. Let me say here that he is still investing our money, and while the rate of interest has decreased to 7 per cent, we have never lost one cent of principal or interest in all these years.

From the very start we made it a rule that all money placed in the "umbrella fund" should remain sacred to that purpose, and the interest accruing therefrom should be added to the principal for investment, thus obtaining compound interest on all our savings. By the time we were getting a salary of \$100 apiece, we decided to live upon the earnings of but one of us, saving the other half. The "umbrella fund" graduated into an "old ladies' protective association," having for its object the care and maintenance

of our two selves when our working days were over.

You have seen a child gather a snowball and roll it along the snowy ground until it assumed surprising proportions? So it seemed with our modest savings after the snowball was once formed. We had our share of ill-health, and we have stunted neither ourselves nor those we loved (I should hate the snowball if it had gained substance at the expense of others), but in something less than twenty years from the beginning of our business careers we found that we were in receipt of an income from our investments which would enable us to live in modest comfort in the country, as we had always longed to do.

### Investors' Reference Books

IT is an investor's duty to find out all he can about the property behind the security which he is considering. Full knowledge, of course, is obtained in most

cases (where the property is a great railroad or a big industrial corporation) only by experts after a long examination. To every investor, however, is available certain annual volumes which are compiled by experts and which contain very full and reliable histories of the properties. Here are the names of three that are thoroughly trustworthy and that are available in practically every big general library, in all financial libraries, and in the offices of dealers in securities:

1. "The Moody Manual of Railroads and Corporation Securities"—This has grown, in the 1911 edition, into a book of nearly 4,000 pages. It is adequately indexed.

2. "Poor's Manual of Railroads"—This is an annual reference book that has been published for a great many years. It is accurate. Both Poor's and Moody's contain the complete histories of stock and bond issues of the corporations they describe.

3. "Stevens's Copper Handbook"—Volume ten, just out, has nearly 2,000 pages. It lists and describes 8,130 copper mines and copper-mining companies. Besides, it has twenty-four chapters treating the general subject of copper. It is well indexed, and details concerning the capitalization, number of shareholders, and dividend records of most of the big copper mines in the United States. Concerning the companies which have been promoted primarily to separate the public and its money, Mr. Stevens writes frankly and plainly. Little of a critical nature is found in Moody's and Poor's—the reader must be able to interpret the facts. If he cannot, he should ask the assistance of some one who can.

### 52 Per Cent a Year

JARED FLAGG, who has been conducting a stock speculating game in New York City, was arrested by United States Government agents on September 23. His trick has been to induce credulous and grasping folks to turn over their money for him to play with on Wall Street. He dealt in ten-share lots in thirty-five leading listed stocks. He bought every point down or better, and sold every point up or better. When the postal authorities raided him, he denied that he had promised his customers 1 per cent a week in dividends.

In the excitement of his arrest, he forgot the anonymous pamphlet which he issued, and from which these words are copied:

"Why do we pay profits of about 1 per cent weekly? Because that is the easiest way to make the 50 per cent per annum for the customers."

### The Duty to Warn

A FEATURE of "The Average Man's Money" page which must be of importance for some time is red-flag work. Almost daily the newspapers report the arrest of promoters who are robbing small investors, and about half the letters that come to the editor of this page ask about stocks that are being peddled by the get-rich-quick gang. Two recent letters will illustrate:

FAIRMONT, MINN.

EDITOR "THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY":

Sir—It has been with much satisfaction that I have read your articles on investments, especially those dealing with the wildcat class. It is good work, and will save many an ignorant investor his money.

However, I do not believe any amount of warning would have affected the judgment of the party concerned in the clipping I send, taken from the Martin County "Independent." To this investor, I think, belongs the badge of Star Sucker.

(Signed) GEO. WILSON.

ATLANTA, GA.

EDITOR "THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY":

Sir—I am enclosing herewith two documents which might be of interest to investors.

The printed paper gives a list of stocks owned by Michael Muller, a citizen of Atlanta, who died a few months ago.

The letter from Mr. Neely shows what these different stocks brought, and will furnish to investors information as to the market value of these stocks sold at public outcry. The stocks not mentioned in this list were not sold, as no offers were obtained on them.

(Signed) W. P. WALTHALL.

Mr. Wilson was wrong in supposing the Minnesota man to have been the prize victim. According to a list printed in an Atlanta paper devoted to court business, Muller's holdings amounted to 138,565 shares. The list was made up of fifty-six stocks—practically all mining and oil stocks. At public sale, everything in the list that was salable brought just \$550.20.

### Regulation of Public Utilities—The Financial Effects

By ARTHUR S. HUEY, Vice-President of H. M. Byllesby & Co., of Chicago

TO-day we have fourteen States with utility commissions possessing regulatory power over organizations supplying electric, gas, transportation, telephone and water service. Five years ago two States only—Massachusetts and New York—had such commissions. Twenty-seven States now have commissions exercising control of varied degree over one or more classes of utilities, steam railroads included. These figures indicate the trend of legislation. It is apparent that the regulation of public utilities has emerged from the domain of discussion and experiment into accepted practice—its wisdom has been proved

Francis E. McGovern, the Governor of Wisconsin, describing the successful experience of his State with regulation, says: "Better service has been placed first and reductions in rates made to wait for it."

The Honorable J. H. Roemer, now chairman of the Wisconsin commission, indicated in a recent address that he considered "the establishment of a better understanding between the managers of utilities and their patrons" as perhaps the most important object to be accomplished by regulation.

Fair rates for service must be based on all elements entering into the cost of service, including interest and depreciation on the value of the property. The value of the property is much more than the cost of the mere labor and material entering into its construction. It must include all actual expenses of creating the property and placing it in useful service.

This opinion, which is a consensus of that expressed by various regulatory bodies, means that rates are properly adjusted upon the complete and true value of utility properties, and not upon their capitalization.

Capitalization, therefore, has little or no bearing on the fixing of rates.

Permit me to say a word or two concerning what is known as "watered stock."

"Watered stock" in the capitalization of utilities has been caused by two reasons:

(1) The disinclination of the investor to pay par value for the securities issued, and (2) as a method of giving the promoter a partner's share and stimulating him to give a partner's services to the business.

In the early days of public utilities the

investor was timid because the enterprises were new and untried. He insisted upon heavy discounts and bonus stock. In later days public agitation against utility corporations produced the same effect.

The modern utility company is owned by thousands of stockholders scattered throughout the land.

The profits or income of the promoter and operator are secondary to the interests of the public and the owners because, although his services are important and should be liberally rewarded, he is trading upon the necessities of the public and with the capital of the investor.

In the past, almost universally, the promoter has been rewarded by a fair share in the property which his energy, foresight, toil, and ability have helped to create.

This plan of compensation may not be the best which can be devised, but it has

had at least one strong merit. It requires, first, that the interests of the public be well served, and, second, that the investor receive a return before the promoter's stock acquires any real value.

To those actively engaged in the utility business it has seemed impossible to arrange a plan better calculated to serve the interests of the three parties which the industry brings into contact.

Wise regulation will tend to harmonize the public and the corporations, to properly enlighten the public, and to protect the utility properties from prejudice and discontent based on erroneous conclusions.

Granted that regulation does perform this function of protection to the companies, it will follow that the hazard which in the past caused capital to demand heavy discounts and bonus stock will be removed.



Arthur S. Huey

### Corporation Earnings

UNDER the corporation tax law, the Bureau of Statistics at Washington has classified the corporations reporting, and the earning power of the various classes is shown.

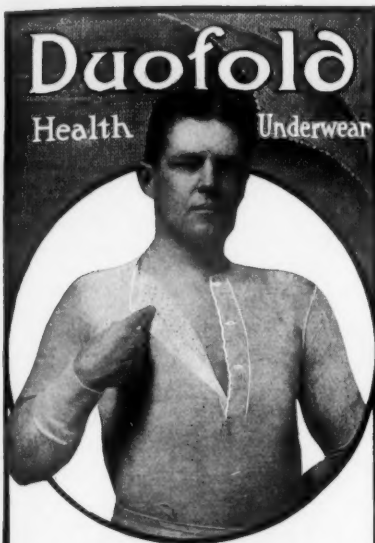
A total capital stock of nearly \$50,-

Class	Capital Stock	Reported Net Earnings	P. C. of Earnings
Financial (banks, trust companies, insurance companies, etc.).....	\$2,723,954,539	\$394,747,699	14.5
Public service (railroads, trolley lines, gas, electric lighting, and water companies).....	18,902,060,130	808,960,651	4.3
Manufacturing, etc.....	21,585,890,484	1,325,807,156	6.1
Mercantile.....	2,971,064,458	359,754,516	12.1
Miscellaneous.....	3,088,657,140	236,211,077	3.8
Total.....	\$49,371,626,751	\$3,125,481,099	

The investor whose first concern is for earnings and dividends should bear these

figures in mind in choosing a security based on corporation business.





**A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible? Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature.

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. Duofold is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. \$1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

**Duofold Health Underwear Company**  
Mohawk, N. Y.

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We issue a booklet outlining a plan for buying stocks for an initial deposit and monthly payments thereafter until the stock is paid for or sold.  
Send for Circular 2—"Odd Lot Investment."  
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## 6% Timber Bonds

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**American Finance & Securities Co**  
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## ROUND THE WORLD

Not over 12 members in each party.

Leave Nov. 14, Dec. 9, Jan. 20  
Cost, \$1,000 to \$2,400  
**FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK**

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For 25 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of \$100 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 714.  
\$25-Certification of Deposit also for savings investors.

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## LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

**Ventriloquist's Double Throat** Fits roof of mouth, always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Sing like a covey; whistle like a puppy; laugh like a horse; and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents. 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents.  
**Double Throat Co., Dept. J, Frenchtown, N. J.**

## Side-Tracked

(Continued from page 19)

difficulty in groping their way to a bench in the rear of the hall.

"Is this your idea of an adventure?" Hyde whispered. "Personally I prefer the moonlight and fresh air."

"Wait," said Werden, and as he spoke Mohr and Estelle La Rue came out of the door which led from the stage to the auditorium. The girl continued on toward the front door of the hall, but the man crossed the room and sat down before the piano.

"Aren't you coming?" she called.

AS if to show his indifference, Mohr played over a few chords and hummed the opening bars of "My Marietta."

"Not yet," he called back to her. "I'll be over to the hotel before the train starts. I think I'll stay here now and help Dolly close up. You can do the packing. There's not much of it. See you later, Stella."

The woman was standing within a few feet of where Hyde and Werden sat, but they were in the shadow of the wall, and she was unconscious of their presence. For a moment she stood quite motionless looking at Mohr; then she took a step toward him, but apparently changed her mind, shrugged her shoulders, and walked slowly from the hall.

She had been gone but a few minutes when Dolly Larrabee returned. In one hand she carried a small valise, and, apparently not wishing Mohr to see it, carefully hid it behind the open door. Then she walked down the aisle and joined him at the piano. By the dim light of the single bracket-lamp over Mohr's head Hyde and Werden could dimly see what was taking place. The girl rested her elbows on the piano, and, with her chin between her palms, looked steadfastly down at Mohr, who continued to half sing, half hum a coon lullaby, and accompany himself softly on the piano. With his right hand still on the keys he held out his left to her, and she took it in both of hers and for a moment pressed it against her cheek.

BACK in the darkness of the rear of the hall Werden nudged Hyde. "It looks bad to me," he whispered.

The boy at the piano resumed his singing and playing. His voice grew a little louder, and he ran on from one song to another without interruption, often singing but one verse, and frequently repeating that several times. Sometimes he sang in English and sometimes in Italian dialect, and again in pure Italian, but they were all songs of love, and Werden and Hyde began to understand why old Larrabee had said Max sang like an angel. Even the two young men back in the shadows of the bare, dingy hall were fascinated by the innate art of the Polish boy. At his birth God had put into him the love of women, and had given him a voice with which he could tell his love and make women love him. It was an accomplishment which Max Mohr had practiced since his childhood, and better than any one else he knew his own power. If there had been any doubt in the mind of Dolly Larrabee, the Pole had evidently dispelled it. Werden and Hyde watched him fascinate her and draw her to him as a snake does its helpless prey. They watched him rise slowly from the piano, and with a low sob the girl came to him, and he put his arms about her and kissed her full on the lips. Then he placed his hands on her shoulders, and, holding her at arm's length, looked evenly into her eyes. He spoke to her in a voice that was half prayer, half command, and the words rang out clearly and echoed through the bare, cheerless hall. "You will go away with me to-night?"

UNFLINCHING, the girl looked back into his eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I will go with you to-night."

It was just at this moment that Werden and Hyde heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and looking about, saw the tall figure of Estelle La Rue standing in the open doorway. For a moment she remained quite motionless, her clenched hands pressed against her breast; and then, unseen by Mohr or the girl, she swung about and vanished into the night.

## NASHVILLE

### Presents to Manufacturers

who may be wise enough to forecast the certainties of the future, striking advantages which they can hardly afford to overlook.

The centre of population of the Mississippi Valley—midway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf—

Commanding a dominant position with reference to the possibilities opening up with the completion of the Panama Canal—

Ideally located in rich surrounding territory, and the natural distributing point for the Great Southern and Southeastern markets—admittedly the most prosperous sections in the country.

The Nashville Industrial Bureau was organized by the wide-awake Nashville Board of Trade to furnish facts and figures of interest to manufacturers who are not now advantageously located, in the matter of

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The Industrial Bureau gives information to manufacturers, capitalists and home builders in a rational, understandable manner, and deals only in FACTS.

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Persons Often Look Alike  
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Other mountings may look like Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted

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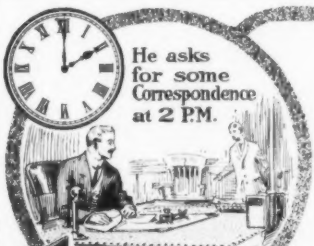


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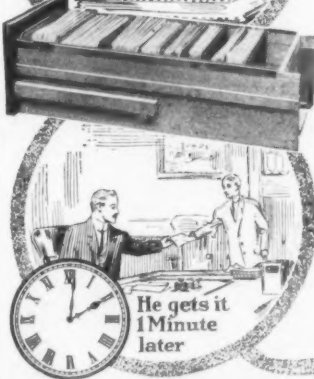
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With **RICHMOND** Vacuum Cleaning, the dust is not stirred up but is collected without a chance to escape—all of it—and removed from the room and easily destroyed.

Wherever installed—in a ten-room residence or a building which measures its floor space by the acre—**"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual tear-up called housecleaning (and housecleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and triples the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wall-paper, decorations, and keeps everything always bright and new.

Vacuum Cleaning does away with the worst drudgery a woman knows; without any of the backaches or annoyances of sweeping and dusting, it ensures an absolute cleanliness such as sweeping and dusting could never make possible.

But even convenience and ease and perfect cleanliness are of secondary importance when compared with the actual, traceable, provable saving of money that vacuum cleaning brings.

## "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning

embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for \$29.00; Portable Electric Cleaners for \$73.00; and Built-in-the-House Plants for \$225.00 to a 40 Sweeper Plant such as cleans Marshall Field's store—all on our "Easy Payment Plan" of 50 cents per week and upward, or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

The **"RICHMOND"** Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but ten pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. It is simple in construction. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to juggle loose. To operate simply attach to any electric lamp socket.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live energetic young men to become the **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local Agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How **"RICHMOND"** Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also reference book giving names of 1800 prominent installations all over the world.

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Mohr had disappeared through the door leading to the stage, but in a few moments he returned carrying a dress-suit case. With his free hand he clasped Dolly by the arm, and they started hurriedly up the aisle.

"This, I think," said Werden, "is where we get busy."

To the intense surprise of the runaways, Hyde and Werden appeared suddenly from the blackness of the rear of the hall, and, walking out into the aisle, effectively blocked the way to the door.

Mohr dropped Dolly's arm and walked up to within a few feet of where they stood.

"Well," he asked, smiling, "who are you?"

"It doesn't really make much difference who we are," Werden said, "except that we happen to be friends of Miss Larrabee's father, and we are going to see that you don't harm his daughter."

**MAX MOHR** threw back his head and laughed aloud. "That's funny," he cried; "that's what I call funny. Get out of my way, you boobies."

It was probably the imperturbability of the two young men before him that suddenly made the actor lose his bravado and break into a storm of rage. He no longer laughed, and his face was livid with uncontrolled passion.

"Get out of my way, I tell you," he shouted, and shook his clenched fist in Werden's face. "Get out of my way, or I'll—I'll kill you."

Werden looked down calmly at the little, trembling figure before him, and smiled pleasantly into the boy's flashing eyes. "You're getting excited, Mohr," he said. "Let's take it easy and talk it over. We're not a couple of boobies or rubes either, that you're up against. We come from the big city, too, although probably from a different district. I know you and your kind, lots of them, and I knew you'd get the best of a girl like this and then throw her away with as little feeling as you would an old shoe. You may be pretty good in this line of work, but you're not going to get away with it this time, believe me."

There was another sudden change in Mohr's volatile manner, and his sharp, ferret-like eyes looked curiously into those of the two men before him.

He drove his clenched fist into the open palm of his other hand, and, turning sharply on his heel, walked slowly down the aisle.

**THE** girl's slight figure sank on a neighboring bench, and, resting her arms on the back of it, she turned her head in them, and they could see her frail shoulders shaking with sobs. In a few moments Mohr came back, and, going over to where Dolly sat, he touched her very gently on the shoulder.

"It's all right, little girl," he said. "You see, it'll all come right." Then he returned once more to face Werden and Hyde. He was quite calm now, his voice low, even pleasant, and the former insolence of his manner had changed to that of the petitioner.

"I'm in wrong," he began, "I can see that. You've got me all right. But it's just possible you don't understand. As you say, you two ain't no rubes. You're wise all right, and I guess you're hep to me and my kind. But just this once you're wrong. I've turned some dirty tricks in my time, but, say, I never knew a girl like this before. You understand—well, the others were different. Stella, now, when I first met her, she was way up in vaudeville, and I pulled her down to the moving-picture game, but, Lord, Stella wasn't no Dolly. I know I was a wharf rat, and for years I run with the Eastman gang, and I done my bit—a year and eight months at Sing Sing. Yes, I did, but Dolly knows that, 'cause I told her myself. But, gentlemen, can't a man come back? Just because he done time, ain't he goin' to ever get the chance to make good? I'm a lot better than this ten-a-day. I can get into big time if I once get the start, and Dolly, she'd go up with me. My God, aren't you goin' to give me half a chance?"

"What's the idea?" Werden asked.

**SUDDENLY** a wonderful change came into the boy's face. His eyes fairly glistened, his whole manner became alert, and when he spoke again it was with great rapidity and eagerness.

"It's like this," he ran on. "The south-bound train gets here just before the Eastern express. Dolly and I are to cross the tracks and get on the first car of the southbound just as she is pulling out. They believe I'm going North, and I'll never get hep to our taking the other train. We'll be in Cincinnati to-morrow, and then we'll get married. I got friends there, and we'll lay off for a week, and then I'm back to work, and good work on the big time. Do you see me?"

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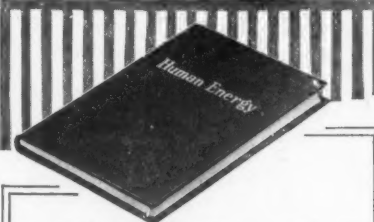
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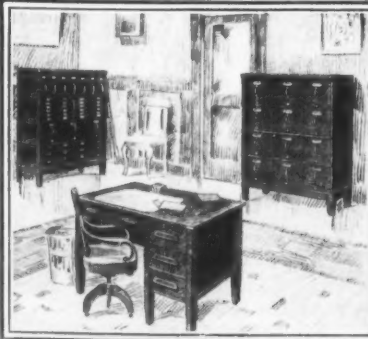
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them in the little hall the long, low whistle of the approaching train.

Mohr sprang toward Werden, and tugged nervously at his coat sleeve.

"That's her," he whispered, "that's the southbound. You're goin' to let us go, ain't you?"

He rushed over to where Dolly sat, and, shaking her roughly by the shoulder, clasped her by the wrist and dragged her back to the aisle, where Hyde and Werden still blocked the way.

"Let us by, won't you?" the boy whimpered, "we ain't got no time to waste. It's now or never with us."

But the two men in the aisle did not move.

"Why not ask her old man?" Werden said.

"Ask old Larrabee?" Mohr shouted. "You're crazy. He'd rather see her dead."

As he saw his chance slipping from him, the boy once more lost his servile, cringing ways, and, with his arms raised above his head, he shook his fists in a storm of impotent rage. His voice, now gone far beyond his control, had become but a series of shrill cries and wild, inarticulate oaths. In terror the girl stood trembling behind him, her hands resting on his shoulders.

"Let us by," he shouted, "damn you two—" And then of a sudden his cries died away, his arms dropped to his side, and his eyes shifted from the men to the open doorway of the hall. For a moment there was silence among them, because all four knew what had happened. Through the still night air they heard the patter of many hurrying footsteps and the distant cries of the approaching mob.

"Somebody's told," Mohr cried. "They're after us. Now will you get out of the way?"

Werden stepped aside. "You're too late, Mohr," he said. "I wouldn't try it if I were you. You'd better stay here and take a chance."

But the Pole grabbed Dolly by the hand, and together they dashed through the open door.

As the crowd caught sight of the couple, it gave a great cry of triumph and started after them with redoubled speed. Their hands still clasped, Mohr and the girl cast one glance back at the oncoming crowd, and then started up the steep road toward the old bridge, which was the only way of escape left open to them.

As Werden and Hyde came out of the hall, they saw the angry, yelling crowd sweep by them. At the end of the straggling mob they recognized old Larrabee stumbling along the rough road, trying to keep up with the others, and cursing Mohr at every step. At his side was Estelle La Rue, helping the old man on his way as best she could. The only woman in the crowd, she seemed to stand out quite apart from the others. The brilliant moonlight, which a moment before had bathed the whole landscape, seemed now to concentrate its white rays with all the force of a spotlight on the tall, sinuous form of the woman. The masses of red hair had broken loose and fell about her shoulders, and her big, shining eyes looked neither to the left nor to the right, but always straight ahead at the two dark figures flying up the hill before her.

"Come on, Phil," cried Werden, "let's see the finish," and the two Northerners hurried on in the wake of the mob.

HAD Mohr been alone, it is possible that he might have made good his escape, but just at the entrance to the old bridge, at the very top of the hill, Dolly stumbled and fell to her knees. Even then escape was perhaps possible to the man, but he stopped and, bending over the girl, gently raised her to her feet. The leaders had come up to the runaways by now, and, with his arms about her shoulders, Mohr looked calmly into the eyes of the threatening crowd. They stood just at the edge of the bridge, so that the moonlight fell full on the pale, scared face of the girl and the hard, ugly features of the Pole. The cheap bravado that he had learned among the criminal playmates of his youth had returned to him, and there was a smile in his black eyes, and his lips curled into an ugly sneer as he looked into the pale, angry faces of the men about him. Perhaps it was the pity they felt for Larrabee's girl, whom they all had known since she was a child, or perhaps it was something in the brazen attitude of the man, but for one reason or another the leaderless mob remained silent. The stragglers had all come up by now, and gradually the crowd spread out and formed a complete circle, several rows deep, about the couple, thus cutting off all possible escape. Mohr took his arm from about Dolly's shoulders, and, gently pushing her back of him, swung slowly toward that half-circle of the mob standing in the somber shadows of the covered bridge. The boy still stood in the white

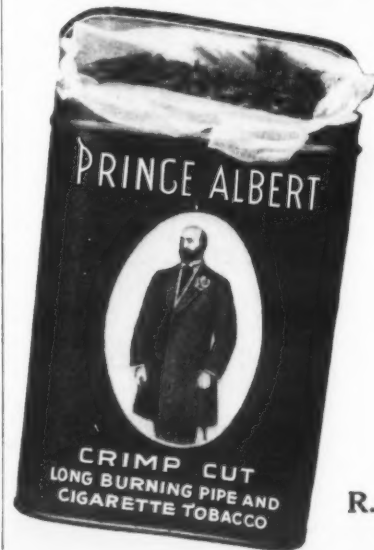


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glare of the moonlight, but the men he faced were as well protected by the darkness as if they had been concealed behind a barrier.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

THE answer came from somewhere in the closely huddled mass of dark figures facing him. There was the sharp bark of a revolver, a blinding blaze of light, and the little figure of the boy in the center of the group crumpled slowly up and slid through Dolly's nerveless arms to the dusty road. The girl rested her lover's head on her knee; with one hand she held his hot face closely against her breast, and with the other she gently pressed the skirt of her white dress against a dark spot on his shirt. The little crowd about the two runaways remained quite silent and motionless. Her face drawn and white as the moonlight, the girl looked slowly about at the circle of dark figures before her, and then she turned back to her sweetheart.

"Who was it that shot you?" she asked. "Tell me, won't you, Max?"

Mohr looked at her, smiled, and then closed his eyes and shook his head.

"I don't know," he whispered. "Honored to God, Dolly, I don't know who he was. He was a stranger. I never seen him before."

Old man Larrabee pushed his way through the crowd and shuffled slowly out from the shadows of the bridge into the moonlit road. For a moment he looked steadfastly into the now open eyes of the actor.

"I shot you," he shouted, "you mutt, you city pup! I shot you, and you know I shot you."

AS if by way of protest, Mohr slowly shook his head and once more closed his eyes. "All right," he mumbled, "that's all right. Have it your own way."

Four of the men picked up the boy and started to carry him down the hill. Dolly walked at his side, holding his hand, and the crowd straggled slowly after them.

Hyde looked about for Werden, but could not find him. In the distance he saw the train which was to take them North slowly backing down the siding. There were but a few minutes to spare, and so he left the crowd, and, running down the bank, started along the yards toward the car which he had left an hour before. On the rear platform he found Werden waiting for him.

"Have you got a flask in your bag?" he asked. "The events of the evening have given me quite a thirst. Besides, I think it would be just as well for us to lock ourselves up in our stateroom until we get away from here. I'm not very keen about being called as a witness."

"All right," Werden said, "our new stateroom will be ready in a few minutes. The porter is making it up now."

"Our new stateroom?" Hyde asked.

"What's the matter with the old one?"

"Estelle La Rue has that."

"Estelle who?" Hyde asked.

"Estelle La Rue—Beauty—La Rue of

Mohr and La Rue. I'm giving her a trip

to New York."

There was a sudden jolting of the cars, the grating sound of the coupling of air-brakes, and the train moved slowly forward.

"Why?" asked Hyde.

"Why?" repeated Werden. "Because she shot Mohr."

Hyde pressed his lips into a straight line, and looked back at the moonlit hill and the little body of men carrying their human burden slowly down the road toward the town.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

Werden nodded. "Quite. When Larrabee was telling how he did it, I stumbled on to La Rue hiding behind a girder with a smoking revolver in her hand. Then I raced her over the bridge, down the bank on the other side, and locked her up for the night in our stateroom."

"That's all right for La Rue," said Hyde, "but how about old Larrabee? Why did he say he did it?"

WERDEN smiled. "That's easy. In the first place, he's a Southern gentleman—he told us so himself. He also knows that no jury in this State would convict a father for protecting his daughter; and besides, you forget that he thought La Rue was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Men always seem to be doing foolish things for beautiful women. Even you and I are taking a bit of a chance for one just now."

The train crawled slowly along past the dirty rows of now darkened shops and fruit-stands and "Larrabee's Place," stopped for a moment at the station, and then, as if thoroughly tired of Clifton Junction, gave a snort from its engine, and hurried on its way to the North.





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## Lecturing

(Concluded from page 17)

off beautifully. The audience was suffused with mirth and good nature, and I felt splendidly until I reached the hotel and discovered that I had wiped my forehead with a hand covered with charcoal. From these two experiences I am convinced that if I blacked up and carried a trained cat with me my lecture would be a real success.

In college towns where the greater part of the audience is composed of students, I have found that the lecture may be brightened up by drawing a few cartoons of local interest. Previous to the lecture some subjects have been selected and are drawn at the close of the evening. A picture of Prexy is always certain of a warm reception; one of the janitor calls forth an explosion of applause, and a cartoon along local athletic lines is likely to be uproariously received. I have no doubt that the students are glad to have a chance to yell after being bottled up through long stretches of "psychology."

**A**FTER your lecture is over and after your drawings have been torn from the board and thrown to one side, there is often a stampede of students to obtain possession of them. You have barely reached the wings before there is a wild roar and a rush of students piling over the footlights. They descend upon the scattered drawings like wild men, pushing and pulling and incidentally tearing the drawings to pieces in their effort to get them. This scramble, I have noticed, is most prevalent in those colleges which prohibit the cane rush.

Audiences differ to a marked degree. In one town the people will be attentive and actively appreciative; in another they will be silent and cold, so that all you hear is the sound of your voice as it drones along and finally in panic begins to plunge toward the end. All your cherished points are greeted in silence, and by the time you have exhausted every attempt to win a response you are overwhelmed with despair.

When the lecture is over you hurry out by the stage entrance, avoid the homeward moving crowd for fear of overhearing comments, and try hard to get into the hotel before the return of the commercial tourists who, for want of other diversion, have gone to hear your lecture. You instinctively dread their worldly remarks, and not until they have all turned in do you descend from your room and go down to wait for the 1.55 outward bound.

It is not always possible to enter a town unobtrusively and get away under cover of darkness. Sometimes committees meet you and you are invited to spend the night at the residence of one of the citizens. A little informal reception and supper after the lecture has been arranged, and you cannot decently or politely express a preference for the seclusion of a hotel room. Sometimes a dinner party is given, and the guests whom you have met will occupy boxes at the theatre to hear your lecture. This is an ordeal, for you would infinitely rather face a house full of total strangers than a party of this kind, perhaps upon the theory that one would rather face the French Academy than address an audience containing members of his own family.

**W**HILE it is always desirable to arrive in a town just before the lecture, there are times when the train service does not permit it; you have to arrive early in the day. This leaves you with several hours to kill, which you may do by shutting yourself in your room with a book, or else by wandering in gloomy grandeur through the streets with your lithographs staring at you from all the windows and with the local residents gazing at you.

Once, while on the way to a town in Nebraska, I was snowbound fifty miles from my destination. A frightful blizzard swept the West and the railway service was totally crippled. I missed the date, of course, and caught the Overland Limited, seventeen hours later, back to Chicago. The local lecture course was offended because I hadn't driven fifty miles to fill the engagement.

Upon another occasion I had to drive fourteen miles to reach a town in northern Indiana, arrived an hour late, and while I delivered my lecture the driver got drunk and lost the road when I started homeward. It was a lonely ride, groping in the darkness of a silent country road at midnight, but somehow we finally made a distant railway station. A week later a farmhouse upon this same country road was burned and the world was electrified by the revelations of the famous Guinness "murder farm."

I might quite easily have gone in to inquire the way, in which case I might not have had occasion to lecture any more.

## Stop Thinking that it Is What it Isn't

A Truthful Advertisement



**T**HE AutoStrop Razor is *not* a stropping machine. It is not a razor strop.

It is not a safety razor and stropping machine in *two* separate pieces.

The AutoStrop Razor is a safety razor—a razor which you can strop and which you can shave with and which you can clean without taking any pieces to pieces or putting any pieces together.

To do it you simply slip the strop through the razor; push the razor to and fro a few times; slip the razor off the strop and shave. You clean it with a few simple wipes.

Its edge does not feel like a "safety" razor edge as it goes through your beard because it is a finely whetted edge.

The AutoStrop Razor consists of one silver plated self-stropping razor, twelve fine blades and special strop in handsome case; price \$5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as the stropping often makes one blade last three to six months—sometimes a year. Cheaper than a dollar razor! Other sets, for travelers, etc., \$6.50 and up.

# AutoStrop

## SAFETY RAZOR

### STROPS ITSELF

Get an AutoStrop Razor on trial today. Give it a good trial. In a week or ten days you will be urging every friend you've got to get one.

Any dealer will send you one on trial if you 'phone or post him a post card. If your AutoStrop Razor does not prove satisfactory, the dealer will refund your money, as we protect him from loss. The best time to 'phone or write him is not tomorrow but today.

**NOTE:—Factories in United States and Canada; sold in both countries at \$5 upwards. Send for free booklet.**

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Box 17, Station F, New York**  
400 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Canada; 61 New Oxford St., London



Strops, Shaves,  
Cleans, Without  
Detaching Blade

Far Quicker,  
Handier than  
any other Razor

CHEAPER THAN A DOLLAR RAZOR

AS THE BLADES LAST SO LONG

THE motor of an automobile corresponds in importance to the "works" of a fine watchmaker. The motor makes a watch-keeper's chief piece. When you consider a car the first thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer go into minute detail. This will give you a better idea of the car's real value.

Any manufacturer can tell you his motor is efficient, dependable, reliable, economical—in short, give you all of the regular, pet, stock-in-trade adjectives. These words are all found in the dictionary. But beyond that you don't hear very much. Anyone can make a general statement, but when it comes to backing it up with sound facts—that's a horse of another color. The purpose of this is to tell and prove to you (with supporting facts) how good the motor in our \$900 motor car is—what it is and how it is made. And anyone who is the least bit motor-wise will recognize a really good engine.

It is utterly impossible in this space, to go into this matter as thoroughly as we would like to. But these few facts tell you the whys and wherefores of a motor which we know is by far the most efficient for its size, ever made. You can see by the illustration what a clean cut job it is. Its action is just as fine as its looks.

The motor in our \$900 five-passenger fore-door touring car is the four cylinder four cycle type.

Cylinders have large water-jackets and are cast singly, increasing cooling efficiency with the advantage of being able to replace a single cylinder at low cost should an accident occur. These cylinders are cast from a close grained metal from our own formula. The crank shaft and connecting rods and all other forgings are of high carbon manganese steel.

All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to accurate and tested smoothness, insuring long life, freedom from wear, and positive compression. The cylinders are offset from the crank shaft to obviate the dead center at the time of impulse. The motor is suspended on three points from the main frame, which is braced for this purpose. This dispensing with the complication and added weight of a sub-frame. This construction is ideal, as it allows for the twisting of the car on rough roads, and eliminates the liability of a displacement. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts that might possibly require attention.

The valves are made from thirty-five per cent. nickel steel heads electrically welded to carbon steel stems. All the wearing surfaces of the

valves are ground to a one-thousandth part of an inch. They are of the mushroom type and interchangeable. Owing to their peculiar design and large size they enable the motor to develop at least *fifteen per cent. more horsepower* than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The lower end of the valve stem is hardened and comes in contact with a fibre insert in the adjusting screw, which in turn fits into the square push rod. This contributes largely to the silence of the valve action, and permits adjustment for possible wear.

The cam shafts are drop forged (in our own drop-forge plant, which is the largest in the industry) oil-treated and case-hardened. They are ground and machined automatically, which means positive accuracy in the relative position of one cam to another. Owing to the large bearing areas throughout, the motor will run indefinitely without perceptible change in valve-timing, for which possibility, however, a means of adjustment is provided.

This is the only car of its class with a five-bearing crank shaft. This feature gives a support on each side of each connecting rod as it delivers its power stroke, which insures the greatest possible rigidity and keeps the crank shaft in perfect line on its bearing. The crank shaft is drop forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, resulting in quietness and extreme long life.

The crank cases are cast in two sections, of the finest grade of aluminum alloy attainable. Such metal is used principally for lightness, and while more expensive than other kinds, it enables us to use a webbed construction of very superior strength. The casting of these cases is done in our own foundry.

We equip this motor with a standard carburetor, chosen for its adaptability to the work required. The special advantages are those of quick vaporization and consequent easy starting; economy of fuel with the greatest percentage of power for a given amount of gasoline, and satisfactory operation at all speeds, obviating difficulties often encountered at slow motor speed. Its very accessible location, its simplicity of adjustment and the ease with which our carburetors start the motor are inherent points of superiority.

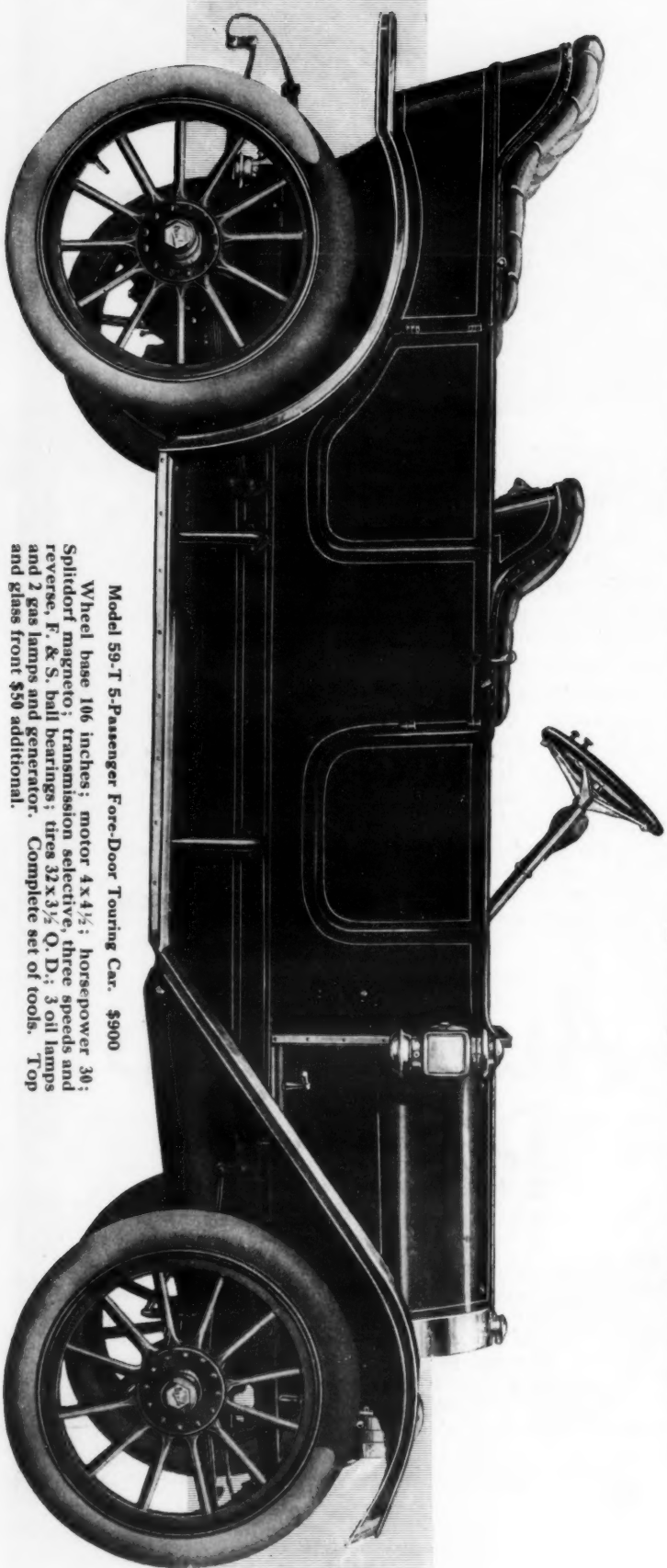
No other motor in the world is given a more severe test and thorough inspection. Just as soon as it is assembled and ready to be bolted into the frame, it is sent down to the engine testing room for what is known as a block test. The engine is belted up for two hours, and driven by other than its own power to limber it up so that it will start easily. Then it is put onto the block and run from 8 to 16 hours under its own power. During this time two inspectors watch the engine performance constantly, testing it frequently by brakes, until, in their judgment, based on long experience, it is ready to be inspected by the foreman in charge of this department. Then the foreman goes into an examination of anything but the smoothest "work"—if the engine does not turn up the power that it should—it is sent back to the chief inspector of the engine assembly department.

After being thoroughly tested, the engines are sent, together with the remainder of the parts that make up the assembled chassis, down to the chassis assembly room, where they are assembled and then turned over to the road testing department.

This should give you a good idea of the thoroughness of the motor in this \$900 car. And every other part of this automobile is just as good as it can be made. It is a high grade car, and a careful comparison of the entire machine will absolutely prove to your own satisfaction that no other maker can sell this car at this price without losing money.

We have published a book for those who cannot come to Toledo and have a trip through our enormous plants. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. It shows how we make every part of every Overland car. It shows you the car from start to finish—from raw material to the complete article. It is a treatise of the industry's greatest factory. It explains our great equipment and shows how we can produce our cars to sell at prices from twenty to forty per cent. lower than other cars. It is written in an interesting and readable style and is full of valuable information. What we did not have room to say here, of the motor in this \$900 car, will be found complete in this book. Drop us a line today, and we will see that you get one of these books by return mail. It also shows our complete 1912 line with prices, specifications and full descriptions.

## The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car. \$900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½; horsepower 30; Splitdorf magneto; transmission selective; three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings; tires 32x3½ O. D.; 3 oil lamps and 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools. Top and glass front \$50 additional.



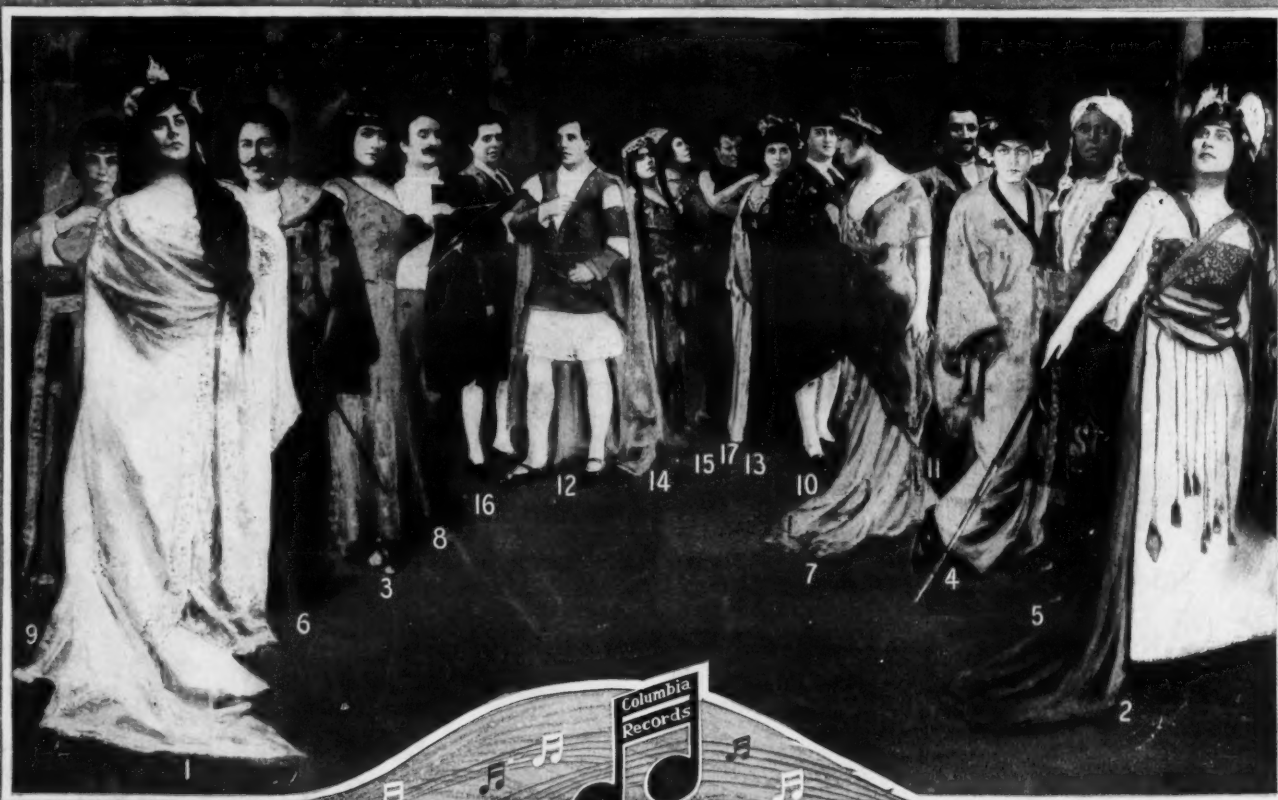
**Orlando**



thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer

# The Columbia

## Phonograph Company Presents:



Photos by Mishkin and Dupont.

<sup>1</sup>NORDICA, <sup>2</sup>FREMSTAD, <sup>3</sup>MARY GARDEN, <sup>4</sup>ALICE NIELSEN  
<sup>5</sup>ZENATELLO, <sup>6</sup>BONCI, <sup>7</sup>CAVALIERI, <sup>8</sup>CONSTANTINO, <sup>9</sup>LIPKOWSKA,  
<sup>10</sup>BAKLANOFF, <sup>11</sup>AMATO, <sup>12</sup>MCCORMACK, <sup>13</sup>BONINSEGNA,  
<sup>14</sup>EMMY DESTINN, <sup>15</sup>SAMMARCO, <sup>16</sup>ANSELM, <sup>17</sup>MARDONES



The First Hornless Graphophone at \$25 (the "Lyric")

RECORDS by a majority of the greatest singers in the world, may be purchased of Columbia dealers. Many of them nowhere else; for they are now singing under exclusive Columbia contracts: records that may be played on any disc instrument, and are better in surface, tone and durability than any others, and so guaranteed to you.

"All the music of all the world" is at your command, whenever you please or your friends suggest, if you own a *Columbia*. It introduces you to a world of musical enjoyment to which you can gain access in no other way.

Literally true, that statement goes less than half



First announcement of the Columbia Grafonola "Nonpareil," \$150



The First Hornless Graphophone at \$35 (the "Ideal")

far enough. For only by a full appreciation of the recent development of the art of sound-recording and tone-projection, and the recent perfecting of mechanical methods and laboratory processes, could you realize how "the one incomparable musical instrument" has now come into its own.

Through its present tonal flawlessness and its limitless versatility, it has now come to appeal to the keenest and most conservative musical critics as well as to the millions of everyday citizens who care for good music and clean amusement. If we were compelled to condense our entire message to you into three words we could do it well: "*Hearing is believing.*"

Columbia Grafonolas from \$50. up to \$200. Graphophones \$17.50 to \$100.

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